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15 CENTS

CURRENT COMMENT, 217

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Straw in the Wind, 220
Principle or Opportunism? 221
The Cart Before the Horse, 222
The Big Stake of Diplomacy, 223

The First American Poet, by Vincent Starrett, 224
The New Milton, by Paull Franklin Baum, 225
De L'Amour, by Edwin Muir, 228
The Autobiography of S. A. Tolstoy, by Sophie Andreievna Tolstoy, 229

MISCELLANY, 231

ART

Constantin Guys, by Arthur Symons, 234

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Taxing Ourselves Rich, by Eric Osterberg, 234; A New Kind of Liberal, by Paul Standard, 234; "Acceptance in Principle," by Horace Mann, 234

BOOKS

A View of World-Economics, by S. E., 235
Mr. Beerbohm's Cartoons, by Henry L. Stuart, 237
A Study in Penology, by Winthrop D. Lane, 237
Shorter Notices, 238

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK, 238

CURRENT COMMENT.

THE Genoa conference seems to have thrown up the sponge, after having held out a great deal longer than we ever thought it would. There is of course a possibility, since nothing is impossible, that by the time these words are printed, the Russian delegation will have accepted what the head-lines have been calling "the Allied ultimatum." But no one participating in the conference seems to expect this, and the correspondents all say that the jig is up.

TROTSKY, in a statement to the Associated Press, showed clearly why the Genoa conference, like the Washington conference and all the other conferences and councils since the armistice, was foredoomed to failure. His statement was so brief and epigrammatic that unless it is duly pondered, many of its implications are likely to be lost. He said that "two systems of property are negotiating at Genoa," and remarked further that in spite of a lesson extending over nearly five years, the leading diplomatists of Europe had not yet gotten around to face that fact, but continued to misunderstand it.

WHEN once an idea is really liberated upon the world, it will make its way without let or help. Its advocates and adversaries alike might about as well put on their coats and go home, for there is precious little that one can do either to promote or retard its progress. The *Santissimo Salvatore*, who himself liberated the greatest of all ideas upon the world, put it exactly when he said that "the spirit breathes where it will." An idea can not be shot out of existence, or starved out or jailed out, neither can it be knaved out by the technique of political intrigue. That is the point that was consistently overlooked by the brethren who assembled in Paris, Washington, and now at Genoa; that was their little misunderstanding. When they have armies and navies, diplomatic policies, and such-like to deal with, they are quite at home; but when they are confronted with an idea, they are unseeing, helpless and imbecile.

THE revolutions of the last century liberated the idea of the individual's right to self-expression in politics; and it prevailed in the long run so powerfully that this right came to be regarded as the foundation-stone of democracy, until in practice it was proven to have very little indeed to do with democracy. The Russian revolution

liberated the idea that democracy is an affair of economics and not of politics; that as long as economic opportunity is controlled by one class, or stratum of society, at the expense of another, there can be no such thing as democracy. Under whatever political system, republican, autocratic or constitutional-monarchist—and under whatever extension of the franchise—those who own, rule, and they rule because they own. They rule in virtue of their control of economic opportunity. Hence, democracy is not promoted, or in any way affected, by a change from one political system to another, but only by a diffusion of ownership. The anti-thesis of democracy is not autocracy or monarchy, but absolutism. This was the idea which the Russian revolution projected upon the mind of the world, and it entails a wholesale revision of the accepted doctrine of property.

BELIEVERS in the omnipotent power of the idea—those few souls who, the world over, have come to learn that in human affairs the Idea is once and for ever the Fact—perceived in 1917 that the Russian revolution had liberated that idea upon the world; and from that time to this, they have never given themselves a moment's anxiety about any of the transitory phases of the political struggle. They did not worry about the fate of the Soviet Government, the reactionary temper of the Allied Powers, or about the outcome of this or that political powwow. They were aware that nothing depended upon these things; that whether they went this way or that way, their motion could not affect the progress of the idea. Now, after nearly five years, they see that they were right. Politics have run their appointed course so swiftly that now hardly any country has a Government that is either effective at home or respected abroad; and meanwhile the idea has been silently spreading over the face of the whole earth, and striking its roots deeper and deeper into the consciousness of mankind.

LAST week this paper had occasion to advert to recent revelations showing the excellent feeding that certain favoured private interests have found at the War Department's trough. Now it begins to look as if the Navy and Interior Departments might jointly and quite unwillingly furnish the public with the malodorous history of certain transactions in which Secretaries Denby and Fall seem to have been making more or less free with the naval reserve oil-fields. Senator La Follette has called for a Congressional investigation of contracts made by these gentlemen with private firms without so much as the formality of asking for competitive bids, leasing the oil-reserves which have been so carefully guarded by two previous Administrations. The Senator charges that these leases will compel the navy to buy back the oil thus disposed of, at whatever prices the private monopolists see fit to put upon it. An investigation of the matter should furnish interesting reading, if it accomplishes nothing more practical.

SECRETARIES Denby and Fall maintain, it seems, that they are doing the public a service in leasing the Government oil-domes, for the reason that they can be drained by private wells in adjacent fields. This may be true; the excessive reticence of the Interior Department, which caused Senator Kendrick to introduce a resolution calling for information concerning the deals, may have been

due to Senator Fall's modest reluctance to advertise his good deeds, though we may observe that this diffidence is not common to politicians generally. At any rate, from whatever cause, the Navy and Interior Departments seem to have been quite willing to keep their left hand from knowing what their right hand was doing; so much so that they denied the existence of the leases for some time after they had been signed. As far as we know, Secretaries Denby and Fall have not explained why Secretary Daniels's policy in the case of the California dome—his threat to drill two wells to one of each private firm—would not work as well in future as it has during the past few years; nor have they as yet answered the argument of many oil-experts that the Government dome in Wyoming can not be drained by the adjacent Salt Creek field, because the two are separated by a water-line. No doubt, however, they will furnish explanations satisfactory to the kind of committee that the Senate is likely to appoint to investigate the matter.

THERE seem to be a few points in the leases themselves that will bear examination. According to Senator Kendrick, the terms upon which it is provided that the Government may exchange its royalty-oil for fuel-oil or for gasoline, kerosene, lubricating oils or other petroleum-products, are highly advantageous to the lessee. The lease also provides that the Government shall pay, out of its royalties, for the construction of the steel tanks in which the fuel-oil is to be stored; and it is hardly necessary to remark that under such terms the company is unlikely to be oversparing of expense in their construction. Indeed, what little the Departments concerned have so far allowed to become public about these leases, seems calculated to convince the inquiring taxpayer that they were executed with a cynical disregard of the public interest. There is one important point, however, which no inquiring Senator seems to have touched upon as yet, namely: why should private firms be allowed to enjoy monopoly-rights in any oil-field, since all such reservoirs are, or should be, as natural resources, public property in exactly the same degree as are the fields of the naval reserve?

IN the event of the recall of M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador at Washington, which has been rumoured and denied and again rumoured, after the manner of such things, it is inspiring to note that his mantle, as dean of the diplomatic corps, will descend upon the shoulders of M. Bakhmetiev. Americans interested in the diplomatic proprieties will be pleased to observe that Senator Borah's researches indicate that M. Bakhmetiev will be able, in a material sense, to maintain the dignity of his new position. After this Russian diplomat arrived among us in 1917, Mr. Wilson's Administration, with characteristic generosity, pressed upon him in the course of a few weeks sums totalling \$187 million. No sooner was this little affair consummated than M. Bakhmetiev's Government was rudely pushed into an untimely grave. The further disposition of the \$187 million has always been a mystery carefully guarded from the eyes of the vulgar, but Senator Borah now intimates that our grateful Russian visitor invested a tidy sum in American real estate; thus, we presume, helping to boost the cost of homes among those who were originally compelled to put up the money. Since there is no danger of M. Bakhmetiev ever being recalled by his Government, his deanship should last indefinitely; and if ever he wishes to get in communication with his Foreign Office, that problem could probably be solved by the appointment of a special spiritualist liaison-agent for the embassy, say, for example, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

WE hope that the terrible-tempered Mr. Borah may finally succeed in eliciting a satisfactory accounting for the money which M. Bakhmetiev's unsanctified liaison with our State Department has cost the American taxpayers; although we think it is rather better than even money that he will not. Also, the connexion of M. Bakhmetiev with shady adventurers like Semenov and with the ex-

pensive Russian reactionist propaganda here, still needs a thorough airing. It is plain that for good and sufficient reasons the State Department, whether headed by a Hughes, a Colby, a Polk or a Lansing, is determined that M. Bakhmetiev shall not be subjected to the embarrassment of pertinent questions. Meanwhile, in the Congressional Directory this diplomatic wraith is still officially listed as the Russian ambassador, although if he should have the temerity to set foot upon the soil of the country he is supposed to represent, the chances are that he would speedily be sent to join his Government in limbo. He still holds down the palace situated a few squares from the White House, bought for the representatives of the Tsars, and continues to be one of the costliest ornaments of Washington's diplomatic corps. However, for American business men anxious to secure some share in a market peopled by 150,000,000 Russians, Ambassador Bakhmetiev is about as helpful as would be a diplomatic representative of the ancient Aztec State or the court of Choeops.

WE can not make out just what is going on in China, but we are inclined to think it does not greatly matter. At any rate, there is much encouragement in the spectacle of two contending armies which do not accept the authority of any Government; two Governments which are apparently indifferent to the fracas between the armies; and four hundred million people who seem comparatively oblivious of the existence of armies and Governments alike. Of course the situation is not quite so simple as that, and yet it does seem to us that China's best protection against political troubles is a practical anarchy which disregards the very existence of political problems. When this attitude becomes self-conscious, it takes the form of a sublime faith that foreign invaders and domestic trouble-makers will perish of undernourishment, if the people will only let them alone. History seems to have proved that where the invasion or the domestic disturbance is of a purely political character, this philosophy is thoroughly sound. But how will indifferentism serve the Chinese in the presence of the great new invasion—the invasion of machine-production? China may absorb the imperialists, but what will China do with the machine which will still remain when the foreign machine-owners have lost their identity? We suggest this problem to our readers, as a subject well worthy of some little thought.

ACCORDING to a report emanating from Havana, the Cuban Government has been warned that if it does not put through a "voluntary economic adjustment," the Government at Washington will undertake something in the way of financial intervention. No doubt the Greeks spoke very much in the same vein when they offered Socrates the opportunity to partake voluntarily of the hemlock. But no matter; this sort of thing is to be expected, this and nothing else, as long as Governments insure the exporters of capital, and the people insure the Governments. Not long ago, the National Assembly of Austria passed a bill inaugurating the administrative and financial reforms dictated by France and Great Britain. The circumstances were similar to those involved in the case of Cuba; the action of the creditor-Power was the same; and the joke is as applicable in the one hemisphere as in the other.

TIME will show whether the recent public outbursts of Mr. Samuel Gompers portend fresh reverses for union labour under his leadership, or whether Mr. Gompers is merely gunning for Mr. W. Z. Foster, whose recent educational activities among the trade unions have been so deeply resented by the union oligarchy. When Mr. Gompers's rank and file finds itself in distress and its morale begins to weaken, the aged leader is wont to divert his followers' attention from their grievances with a thumping varn of mystery and intrigue. This time, following the lead of his distinguished associates and exponents of the cause of labour in the National Civic Federation, Mr.

Gompers has produced a romantic if somewhat vague and shopworn story of renewed attempts by the indefatigable Lenin to destroy our excellent political and economic order. A fund of millions of dollars has miraculously been established here by the bankrupt red regime; bribes are being distributed in high places, and certain corrupted politicians and editors, along with "a banker born in Germany" and Mr. W. Z. Foster, are in the conspiracy. In guarded language Mr. Gompers intimated that Mr. Foster is a sort of paymaster for a great red slush-fund, but Mr. Foster's prompt request for a bill of particulars has not as yet elicited any more specific information from the head of the A. F. of L. In the late steel-strike Mr. Foster learned by bitter experience the extent to which the workers and their leaders are handicapped in an emergency by lack of intelligence. With a view to removing this handicap, he started a Trade Union Educational League. A few years ago, Mr. James H. Maurer projected a system of labour-schools in Pennsylvania, which higher A. F. of L. officials seemed to view with the same suspicion and distrust that they have manifested towards Mr. Foster's undertaking. Apparently Mr. Gompers and his colleagues are determined that their labour-movement shall be free from such disturbing elements as education and intelligence.

THERE is no denying that the motion picture is an excellent medium for propaganda. It was used most effectively for that purpose during the war. We cite as an example Mr. D. W. Griffith's "Hearts of the World," which must have brought Mr. Griffith a pretty penny, and incidentally helped to convince the American public that the Boche was a hardened criminal, and that the Allied soldiers, like their cause, were humane and righteous altogether. There were other pictures, like "The Battle Cry of Peace" which performed no inconsiderable service in preparing the American mind for preparedness and for the war itself; but we cite Mr. Griffith's production especially, that it may serve to emphasize the change of heart which he seems lately to have undergone. If reports be true, this super-eminent producer of motion-picture propaganda for one cause or another, has now taken it into his head to instruct the world's millions of motion-picture fans that war is foolish; that the farmers and labourers of one country have no cause to hate the farmers and labourers of another, and would probably never do so if it were not for intolerance. In short, Mr. Griffith seems to be out to revive the doctrine of brotherly love.

THE means by which Mr. Griffith proposes to accomplish this undertaking, is a twenty-million-dollar series of films setting forth dramatically the history of the world, as derived from the best romantic novels to be found. Each episode will include a love story calculated to impart a real heart-interest and attract a lover-loving world; but its real purpose will be to prove that there is no fundamental cause for war between nations. Undoubtedly the doctrine of brotherly love will stand a good deal of reviving; yet we are reluctantly obliged to admit that even if Mr. Griffith succeeds in reviving it, we think he will still be as far from abolishing war as he is to-day. His anti-war series may prove profitable and entertaining; it will stimulate the complacently Christian sentiments which people like to entertain towards their neighbours in time of peace; but it promises nothing which, when the next war breaks, will deter them from declaring that *this* war is different, and turning all their pious zeal loose upon the business of hating their adversaries.

It would be mighty interesting to see what would happen if a series of pictures were offered to the public, depicting the history of the world in terms of the fundamental cause which, with all due respect to Mr. Griffith, does exist for war between nations. Such a series should be extremely educative if the authorities were careless enough to let the public get a chance at it; a series showing, say, how all the wars of history have had their

source in the quarrels of rival land-grabbers, and how they are the direct and inevitable outcome of an economic system which promotes the expropriation and exploitation of the masses for the benefit of a few privileged individuals. We should be glad, too, if such a series did not stop with war, but revealed as well the sordid, unlovely, inhuman nature of peace under such an economic system. If some enterprising motion-picture producer will offer the public such anti-war propaganda as this, we will engage to do our utmost for his enterprise in the way of free advertising.

SPEAKING of the economic causes of war, we should be interested to know in just how many Governments our beneficiaries of privilege in Wall Street now have a vested interest, in the form of securities aggregating millions of dollars. To the best of our memory, during the last five or six years we have never looked at the financial pages of a daily paper without finding there a notice that some foreign Government was about to float a loan in this country. Only the other day, indeed, we noticed that the Brazilian Government was preparing to place with American investors two million pounds of a nine million pound foreign loan. Of course this is good business for American bankers. They can get a high rate of interest on foreign loans, and the large-scale exportation of capital keeps up the interest-rate at home. But it does not bode so well for this country's prospect of peace, or for that of the peoples whose Governments are borrowing abroad. We wish some one who has more time for such things than we, and more of a turn for dealing with large figures, would compile the data on this most important subject. We fancy his results would show that there is hardly a people in the world which could revolt against its Government without coming into collision with the interest of American investors, and, consequently, of the American Government, in the preservation of the old order.

If this paper were asked to furnish a list of reference-books in which the student of public affairs might find precedents for the actions of our politicians, we should certainly head the list with Mr. Lewis Carroll's two invaluable books "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass." Senator Smoot's recent defence of a ten-per-cent tariff on cyanide, for instance, has a famous historic precedent in the pathetic poem of "The Walrus and the Carpenter." According to the Senator from Utah, the Roessler-Haslach Chemical Company, which has a monopoly of American cyanide-production, made "unconscionable" profits during the war. Indeed his language was even stronger: "Robbery, if you please, for that's the only way to characterize the profits." Still, the Senator seems to be of the opinion that the company should be encouraged to continue its thieving, because if it is not, the industry will be destroyed and Canada will control the American market. Germany will then proceed to get this control for itself by ruining the industry in Canada, whereupon the users of cyanide in the United States will find themselves in the humiliating position of being robbed by foreigners instead of by their own countrymen. This powerful logic leads us to wonder why patriotic American consumers have not set up a rousing demand for an out-and-out embargo on cyanide.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME.

STRAW IN THE WIND.

OUT in Indiana, that minority which saw fit to bother about the matter at all, went to the primaries last week and administered a sound drubbing to President Harding's pal and playmate, Senator New, whose sound grip on the State machine was expected to assure him the Republican senatorial nomination as a matter of course. Senator New's defeat was considered all the more inexplicable as he presents typical qualifications for the Senate; that is, he is a person of dependable incapacity. The politicians are seeking, without conspicuous success, to explain the upset by alleging some subtle magnetism in Senator New's rival, Mr. Albert J. Beveridge. Mr. Beveridge can say a mouthful with anyone on the hustings; but all indications are that his personality was a minor factor. The home-folks in the Hoosier State wanted to lick some one, and they did it.

Any other interpretation must ignore the fact that the complete disintegration of the Harding Administration in the course of a little over a year, is the noteworthy political phenomenon of our times. As compared with President Harding, William H. Taft was a huge success in holding the regard of the electorate. Mr. Harding started out with the most imposing array of political assets of any President within our memory; and these have been dissipated until the Administration seems in a condition of sheer bankruptcy. Like Alice's cat, there is little left of Mr. Harding save a ponderous smile.

Fourteen months ago it would have seemed impossible that a group of statesmen could be gathered together to equal in mediocrity the make-up of Mr. Wilson's cabinet. It is now clear that Mr. Harding has accomplished this achievement, if indeed he has not established a new record. In lack of any serviceable accomplishment, this official family is virtually unique. Moreover, the Administration suffers from a painful inarticulateness. Mr. Wilson had a persuasive tongue, until such time as it was discovered that his utterances had no bearing on reality. Several of his colleagues could manipulate language plausibly. But the present incumbent and his entourage are dumb.

Virtually without a word of warning or counsel, the Administration has permitted the country to drift into the grip of a ruinous strike in the coal-fields. It is now, dumbly and apparently blindly, allowing the congressional party-leaders to steer us into an obligation of billions of dollars for the purpose of retaining the votes of former service men, without even taking the trouble to indicate a source of revenue for this bit of cheeky embracery. With scarcely a word of explanation, it is saddling the country with a new tariff that makes the ratings of the bad old buccaneers of Mark Hanna's time seem pitifully moderate. It has permitted the confiscatory war-time railway-rates to stand, and has proposed to add to this burden the weight of a direct bonus for the big shipping-interests. By sheer obstinate unwillingness to cut down the army of political office-holders left over from the war, it has further increased the burden of taxation, so that on all these accounts the business man finds that the harder he drives, the further he falls behind, and he longs for a tent in the wilderness.

Optimistic citizens hoped that the scandals of graft and incapacity that tainted the administrative Departments during Mr. Wilson's incumbency would in some measure be cleared up under the new Administration. Apparently they are merely being extended. An om-

inous air of mystery hangs over the Departments. Violent dislocations in the directing personnel of the Bureau of Engraving have been effected without a word of justification to the people who pay the bills. The War Department has been assiduously selling surplus materials in hundred-million-dollar lots, and the Interior Department has been concocting leases of naval oil-lands, and the meagre glimpses of fact discernible in these transactions are highly disturbing. Agents of the Department of Justice who have shown conspicuous zeal in ferreting out Departmental dishonesty have been summarily dismissed from the service.

While our internal affairs are being muddled in this fashion, Mr. Hughes has been proving himself a worthy successor of Messrs. Lansing, Polk and Colby in the conduct of our foreign relationships. What costly imperialist commitments he let us in for at the Washington conference are not yet fully revealed; but the naval-budget discussions in Congress make it clear that the disarmament feature of the conference was a sheer fraud. A few days ago, about the time he intimated to some patriotic citizens that American armed forces would continue to hold Haiti indefinitely, Mr. Hughes stated that we could not have anything to do with Russia until there was a responsible Government there to safeguard our investments; and next day came the news that British oil-interests were seeking to deal extensively with the existing Government in Russia. Our diplomacy is conducted with the elaborate secrecy of a bootlegging business, so that we learn of negotiations about money owed us by foreign Governments only through reports in the foreign press. Europe shows a realistic disposition to ignore the American Government in certain vital matters, and conduct its diplomatic dealings with American bankers; while the nations to the south of us view our Government with a growing distrust which our European trade-rivals in that field are certainly taking no trouble to allay. The fate of Haiti and Santo Domingo is a matter of no slight consequence in the view of our southern neighbours. They note that liberal Mexico is still unrecognized, while the suspiciously reactionary Government of Guatemala is in high favour at Washington; and the antics of the gentleman of none too savoury reputation whom Mr. Harding selected to preside over the destinies of the people of Porto Rico are thoughtfully discussed in the Latin-American press. In short, the boys in the Grand Old Party have been a bit over-eager and over-hasty, and they do not seem to display the technique and the *flair* of the grand old days. As a result, the American people have at hand the material for a liberal education in the ways of political government, as conducted alike by the Republican Tweedledee and the Democratic Tweedledum.

In the old days, Americans had a fairly general reverence for "our" Government. In the relation of the average citizen to the big political machine, there was a certain amount of personal intimacy. The home-folks, without any sense of disparity, could speak of the man in the White House as "our" Andy, or "our" Abe. Mr. Roosevelt for a time succeeded in reviving something of this intimacy, at least in appearance. But when Mr. Hughes speaks of "we" in relation to some diplomatic dicker or deal, citizens and taxpayers seem increasingly uncertain and sceptical about the relationship.

Politically, we are an exceptionally patient and long-suffering people. From Lincoln's day down to Cleveland's, we voted most docilely, year upon year, in the face of repeated discouragements, for the G. O. P.

Thereafter, the shortening of the political cycles shows a rapidly increasing disillusionment. Mr. Taft was hurled out at the end of four years, and Mr. Wilson hurled in. Mr. Wilson would have slipped into oblivion at the end of his first term, if Mr. Hughes had not so conspicuously demonstrated his own unfitness. Four years later, not even a Harding could stave off the general disgust for the Democratic crew; and now, after one year, the Harding Administration is on the skids and slipping fast. Strap-hangers and plough-hangers alike are displaying a wholesome political cynicism. As in a glass darkly, one can discern the vision of that day when to the local Democratic heeler and dispenser of pap and flapdoodle, and to his Republican colleague alike, Citizen Zeb Smith and Citizen Hank Jones will say: "We're sorry, neighbours, but your old pitchers are busted, and the old well is dry. We've been talking things over together, and we're off you for life." That is the only possible beginning for a new dispensation. A few more Administrations like the last and the present will prepare the way for it.

PRINCIPLE OR OPPORTUNISM?

ONE has the very best authority for believing that there is rejoicing in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, provided the repentance be genuine; and common sense also tends powerfully to bear out that view. Two events have taken place lately which set us to meditating on this doctrine. One was the great meeting held at Madison Square Garden, 3 May, to advocate the repeal of the Volstead Act and the Eighteenth Amendment. The other was the session of the American Newspaper-Publishers Association, late in April, protesting against attempts upon the liberty of the press, and instructing its appropriate committee to do its best and utmost to maintain that liberty wherever it may be threatened. The Madison Square Garden meeting was notably under the auspices of what, for some reason or other, are known as "our best people." Two young Roosevelts were there and General Appleton, Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, Mr. Verplanck and other-like representatives of old New York families. Senator Wadsworth sent a letter, Mr. James Speyer made a speech, and all the exercises, apparently, were in a distinguished tradition. As for the other meeting, the personnel of the American Newspaper-Publishers Association is sufficiently indicated by its name.

Only one inference is permissible from these proceedings, and it is one that we are delighted to make; that is, that our "best people" and the Newspaper-Publishers Association have experienced a belated awakening to the principle of freedom. We say *principle* and say it advisedly. The inference is that these brethren have taken a definite stand for the traditional and constitutional right of free speech, a free press, free assembly and free petition for the redress of grievance. The only alternative is one which we decline to accept unless it is forced upon us; and this is, that all those concerned in these demonstrations were guilty of sheer despicable humbug.

The Volstead Act and the Eighteenth Amendment are, in our judgment, wholly bad. If Mr. Speyer and Mr. Holland and Mr. Wadsworth had said what we think of them, the newspaper-publishers might have boggled a little about reporting them in full. We are also in hearty agreement with the contention of the Newspaper-Publishers Association. Therefore we are all for the action contemplated by these two meetings. We believe that all laws limiting the freedom of the press, and also the sumptuary laws which our "best

people" find objectionable, should be repealed; and we believe in our constitutional right, and that of Mr. Speyer and Senator Wadsworth, to agitate freely for their repeal. We have a personal interest in these two matters. In the first place, we carry on a weekly paper, and to us the right to say what we please is inestimable. We have no notion whatever of conducting such an enterprise under the scrutiny of some illiterate black-guard in the Post-office Department or the Department of Justice. As to the second matter, it happens that we never drink, but we dislike the atmosphere of dreary furtiveness engendered by prohibition, and also we dislike incessant collisions with the peculiarly manic and horrific forms of drunkenness that illicit hooch produces.

But there are other laws which do not affect us personally, and we are not interested in their incidence. Yet there are many who find them onerous and who feel it their duty to agitate for their repeal. There are, for instance, the laws affecting birth-control. We do not care two straws about them on any personal considerations. Yet they are as much an object to Mrs. Sanger and her friends as the Volstead Act is to us or to Mr. Speyer. Now, the point of our observations is that if it is constitutional, traditional and proper for ourselves, our "best people" and the Newspaper-Publishers Association to assert ourselves against laws that interest us, then Mrs. Sanger and her ilk are precisely on our ground when they assert themselves against laws that interest them. Hence if we and the publishers and Mr. James Speyer do not accept outright the principle which makes sauce for the goose sauce also for the gander, we are acting in a licentious and detestable manner, and stand in need of conversion and a change of heart.

In this respect, we are obliged to say that the record of our "best people" and the newspaper-publishers is scandalously bad. When Mr. Palmer's agents were jailing, maltreating and (we firmly believe, though we can not prove it) murdering citizens for no cause but that they chose to exercise these same constitutional rights, our "best people" and the newspaper-publishers egged them on. Since April, 1917, there is not, as far as we are aware, a single constitutional right that these same persons who now themselves appear as protestants and agitators, did not do their utmost to break down. The syndicalists and other political prisoners still in our prisons present eloquent testimony to the estimate that these persons have hitherto put upon the principle of freedom. The fragrant memory of the Lusk Committee and Mr. Archibald Stevenson is still with us as a reminder of the quality that they showed when they were put to a competent test.

Yet, while the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return; and we are glad to believe that this most recent demonstration of the newspaper-publishers and our "best people" is an earnest of a new life. There will be plenty of trials for their tender faith. When next the I. W. W. are jailed, or a socialist protest-meeting or birth-control powwow is broken up, we shall see how the newspapers treat the incident. When war comes on again, and the most evil and sinister forces in the nation again become dominant and again exercise a ruthless and criminal suppression of constitutional rights, we shall see what attitude is taken by Mr. Wadsworth and Mr. Speyer and their associated protestants who so earnestly proclaimed themselves at Madison Square Garden. What a fine thing it would be if this one little taste of sound American tradition, the taste that has been so long out of their mouth,

should give them an appetite for more and more of it, until they should become real hundred-per-cent Americans!

THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE.

A SYMPOSIUM on Property in a recent issue of an esteemed contemporary revealed our liberal friends once more as sadly in need of a compass, of some axiom or principle, to guide them in discussing the old controversy of the Individual *v.* the State. Influenced either by Biblical reflections on wealth, or by the socialist's faith in government, liberals betray a tendency to distrust freedom, and an inclination to escape the perplexities of personal responsibility by draping the constituted authorities with the mantle of omniscience.

In the light of this apotheosis, altruism appears as the outstanding virtue; self-effacement is the theme of every sermon; it is assumed that the choice lies between "love and lucre" or "God and property," and there is no apprehension of the material basis of all things spiritual. It is not remembered that even charity is but giving property to those who, for the lack of it, are destitute. If wealth is admitted to be necessary, it must be a common store to which each contributes what he can and from which each draws what he needs. Who could refuse allegiance to the all-wise State that is capable of ordering the intricate processes of collection and distribution that such a scheme demands? As one writer puts it, "Every man owes it to society to contribute what he can to useful labour, on which all human life depends," and conversely, society will care for those who are unable to help themselves.

A refreshing note of reality is brought into the discussion by another contributor who sees the danger of taking a romantic view of human institutions. Neither society nor property, he declares, can have rights, for these are an attribute only of men, women and children; and of all rights the most fundamental is the right to an equal chance with one's fellows in the struggle for life. For the right to life is dependent upon the right of access to the natural elements, or upon the opportunity in common with all others to accumulate property in its varying shapes, from shoes and overalls to factories and palaces; from Bibles and geographies to violins and old masters.

The writers in the symposium have for the most part overlooked the distinction between wealth and the natural elements out of which wealth is fashioned. They have therefore failed to note that as there is practically no limit to the amount of wealth that can be produced by labour from land, no hardship need ensue from treating wealth as private property; whereas, if the earth is so treated, those who are excluded become dependents and castaways. Under present laws, the workers might acquire the means of production in the shape of tools and factories. The money in the strike-fund would duplicate many a handsome industrial plant; but all the savings of the workers would not suffice to redeem from private ownership the land which provides the raw materials of manufacture, the land over which the railways run, the rivers which transform the rain into water-power, nor the sites favourable to business activity generally. Without the wish to insist upon any special theory, we still deem it proper from time to time to call attention to the existence of economic rent, and to contrast the returns to industry with those contingent upon land-monopoly. According to the president of a New England bank,

"a careful analysis of farm-profits in all parts of this country and in Canada shows that for any given period of years they are derived *wholly from increase in land-values.*"

No doubt the prejudice against riches is strengthened by the demoralizing influence of redundant wealth in a society haunted by the fear of want, but it will hardly be seriously contended that a general state of poverty is favourable to spiritual growth. Health and education alone require a formidable array of property. It is destitution, not ease, which is shocking; and a system which breeds destitution would seem well calculated to arouse the righteous wrath of liberals. How does it happen then that an industrial servitude made possible by a denial of equal opportunity is still respectable? The power of Governments, of courts and of churches is brought to bear upon the dispossessed in order that they may be awed or persuaded into respecting the claims of the land-owner; and the success of these efforts may be judged from the attitude of labour-leaders, of Fabians, and of liberals in general. No matter how bold and revolutionary they may sound, when it comes to land-monopoly they prefer to talk of something else. Their favourite theme is legislation to control the distribution of wealth and to regulate human conduct. It is amazing how cold collectivists are to the proposal that they should restore natural resources to common ownership, and, on the other hand, how hot they are to contend for the socialization of wealth!

The conflict which results from legal interference is blamed upon competition. We are said to be victims of the spirit of acquisition, "of getting, owning, hoarding, for ourselves and our families." It is asserted that "no ideal of social and individual freedom can be real for any great number, until we are rid of this competitive struggle for property." We must confess that we are simple enough to believe that if social freedom has any meaning (which is doubtful), it must signify a society composed of free individuals; and we are at a loss to understand how individuals can be free under laws which interfere with the development of voluntary co-operation, which is but another name for unrestricted competition.

So great is the fascination of governing that it has long been the favourite indoor sport of the world to make rules for the regulation of the lives of others. "Sixty pages of a new book," we are informed, "are devoted to a description of legal measures for the protection of workers which must be adhered to by owners of factory and workshop." The industrial slaves must be protected, but nobody cares to discuss their rights as individuals. Even the revolutionary movements, it is truly said, "are primarily concerned not about the individuals as such, but about organizing the beloved community."

We can not help feeling that our liberal friends have put the cart before the horse in trying to make the individual subservient to society. Human beings come together in groups in order to enrich their lives by taking advantage of the division of labour. It is of the first importance to discover their rights, and to agree to respect these rights. A more careful use of economic terms would be a great help to clearer thinking; and if our liberal friends would expend a little energy on learning the meaning of the terms which they so freely use, a good deal of their superfluous respect for time-honoured institutions and for officialdom, would, we are convinced, evaporate in the process.

THE BIG STAKE OF DIPLOMACY.

THE other day, somebody hoisted up a corner of the curtain, and showed us that the people of these United States are fully represented at the Genoa conference. When we speak here of representation, naturally we are not using the word in the sense in which it is ordinarily employed by the adulators of popular sovereignty and parliamentary government. We are dealing with facts, not fairy-stories; and when we say that the American people are represented at Genoa, we mean that there are in attendance at the conference—the real conference—certain gentry who have a near-Petrine power to commit us and all our children to perdition.

It all came out as clear as Christmas morning, when some one let slip that bit of news about the petroleum-concessions in Russia. The story has since been so vigorously repudiated by all concerned that we are beginning to think there must be something in it. Everybody admits that there has been a lot of high play for oil-rights; and when anything like that is going on, the Royal Dutch-Shell combination is a good concern to bet on. The Anglo-Dutch interests may not have broken the bank at the Italian Monte Carlo; but the protest of the Franco-Belgian group against anything in the shape of new leases on old foreign holdings in Russia, might easily be interpreted as an admission that the protestants had not come off well in the new game and were therefore all in favour of a return to the *status quo ante*.

However, all this has very little to do with what we are talking about. We started out by saying that the American people are represented at the Genoa conference; and what we mean is that since an American concern (the Standard Oil Company) is participating in the real business of the conference (the scramble for the economic stakes of diplomacy), it does not make the slightest bit of difference whether there are any American politicians in attendance or not. The American people are involved anyhow, for the simple reason that the people support the Government, and the Government backs up the sea-going concessionaires in all their works and ways.

Some of our readers will probably say that because of the approaching exhaustion of the petroleum-resources of the United States, it is perfectly right and proper that the American people and the American Government should give support to the attempts of American corporations to stake out new claims overseas. This argument has been used with telling effect; and certainly the facts in the case are quite beyond dispute.

In the language of the engineers, the curves of petroleum-production and consumption in America have crossed. Already in 1920, this country was importing more than one-fifth of its annual supply of oil, and now the U. S. Geological Survey estimates that if production is continued at the present rate, and according to methods now in vogue, the entire reserve now underground in the United States will be drawn off and burned within twenty years. This, of course, does not mean that production will cease abruptly, but it does mean that before very long, the output will begin to fall off.

There is, however, no prospect of a similar decline in consumption, but rather the contrary. In 1920 the London *Standard* estimated that there were ten millions of motor-cars in the United States, as against one million in the rest of the world; and the number of cars, and particularly of motor-trucks, still seems des-

tinued to increase indefinitely. Again, the tonnage of the American merchant-marine was multiplied five times over during the war, and the fuel-consumption of oil-burning ships has now become an extremely important item in the American petroleum-account. The United States is already out-producing all the other countries of the world put together, but she is out-consuming them at a still greater rate, and as the domestic supply drops further and further behind the demand, it becomes increasingly necessary to inquire where the oil is to come from to balance the deficit, and how it is to be obtained.

The answer to the first question is more or less definitely prescribed by the geological formation of the earth. In 1920, Mr. Eugene Stebinger, chief of the Foreign Mineral Section of the United States Geological Survey, estimated that the oil-resources of the earth are distributed as follows:

Country or Region	Relative Value	Millions of Barrels
United States & Alaska.....	1.00	7,000
Canada14	995
Mexico65	4,525
Northern South America incl. Peru.....	.82	5,730
Southern South America incl. Bolivia.....	.51	3,550
Algeria and Egypt13	925
Persia and Mesopotamia83	5,820
S. E. Russia, S. W. Siberia and the region of the Caucasus83	5,830
Rumania, Galicia and Western Europe....	.16	1,135
Northern Russia and Saghalien.....	.13	925
Japan and Formosa18	1,235
China20	1,375
India14	995
East Indies43	3,015
Total.....	6.15	43,055

Now, since the world's entire reserve-stock of petroleum is stored up inside political boundaries which may readily be converted into economic barriers, the inquiry into the problem of resources passes naturally from the subject of physical distribution to the subject of political control. Two years ago, Mr. David White, the Chief Geologist of the United States Geological Survey, said that if the open-door policy were not maintained in the mandatory regions—and who ever supposed that it would be?—American producers would be excluded by official restrictions from regions containing “nearly one-half the oil in sight in the rest of the world.” “Further,” he said, “if to the petroleum-resources in the countries now held by Great Britain, France and the Netherlands, there be added the concessions held by their nationals in producing or prospective oil-regions of other countries, the total oil-resources in the control of these nations will probably exceed three-fourths of the world's oil-reserves outside of the United States.” By way of confirmation, Mr. Davis quoted a statement of the London *Financial News*, to the effect that the British command “of the world's oil-resources runs to no less than seventy-five per cent of their entirety.” At about the same time, Sir E. Mackay Edgar said in the London *Times* that within a few years, the United States would be paying British interests one billion dollars annually for oil for the American navy and for home consumption. According to Mr. Davis, this consolidation and extension of British control has been affected by the exclusion of foreign exploiters from British territories, and by the participation of the British Government in operations in foreign territories which are still open to pre-emption. The Government is confessedly the controlling partner in the Anglo-Persian corporation, and it has been repeatedly asserted (for instance in the *Magazine*

of Wall Street) that Downing Street also participates in the ownership and direction of the Shell Company, which forms with its associate, the Royal Dutch Company, the most important non-American oil-combination in the world.

When one comes to ask how, under these conditions, the American consumer is to get hold of as much of the foreign supply as he needs, the readiest answer is that we should do as the British do; exclude all outlanders from the American field, and give governmental support to American activities in all the foreign fields that are still open. In 1920, the second proposal was set out in its most extreme form in a bill framed by Senator Phelan, which provided for the establishment of a "United States Oil Corporation" to develop oil in foreign countries. The majority of the stock was to be held by Americans, the directors were to be appointed by the President, and the Government was to have a preferential right to any or all of the company's product. This measure failed of adoption, doubtless for the very good reason that the American petroleum-interests did not desire either to meet official competition in the foreign field, or to commit their foreign ventures to official direction. As a kind of substitute for Senator Phelan's corporation, the State Department established, in December, 1920, a petroleum-section which was apparently designed to give to American concessionaires the maximum of governmental support, coupled with the minimum of governmental control. If any of our readers doubts that such is the policy of the Government, we suggest that he review the American official correspondence with the Governments of Mexico, Holland and Great Britain, in the matter of oil-rights in Mexico, Mesopotamia and the Dutch East Indies. Thus America has followed Britain, and in the years since the war, the Standard Oil Company and the Royal Dutch-Shell combination have become the chief competitors for the supplies of petroleum that are needed to meet the American demand. The operations of the Standard in the domestic field have not made it overly popular; but when it comes to the question of future needs, this company is usually considered to be the consumer's one best bet.

With this view of the situation, we are in complete and absolute disagreement. In our opinion, the American people will pay too dearly for any product which they obtain through the war-breeding activities of officially-supported concessionaires in foreign lands. If petroleum can not be procured in any other way, it seems to us that it would be better left where it is, but there is, we think, another way.

For the assurance of a future supply of oil in this country, two things are necessary. The first is free trade across the border; which means simply that the American Government shall not engage in any monkey-shines which will check the importation of foreign petroleum, or add to its selling-price. In other words, foreign producers should be permitted to deliver their product on these shores as generously and as cheaply as they will. The second requisite is free production within the borders of the United States; and this means simply that the local political units shall take power to confiscate the economic rent of all natural resources, and thus throw these resources open to free exploitation by labour and capital. Under this condition, the country would shortly be provided with cheap and abundant stocks of goods to be offered in trade. If the monopoly-system continued in vogue abroad, America would be able to outbid all other consumers in the oil-market. If, on the other hand, the oil-producing countries came over to the system of free production and free trade,

American consumers could buy all the petroleum they want, in the open market, at a price cut near to cost by competition.

It is our belief, then, that any given set of consumers may best serve their own wants by cultivating their own gardens. The method is simple; in the present instance, it requires nothing more than that we in America shall produce freely those things which we are best able to produce, and trade them as freely as may be for the things that other people are willing to give us in exchange. As we understand the situation, the answer to the problem of dwindling resources and competitive imperialism is not more American monopoly abroad, but less of it at home.

THE FIRST AMERICAN POET.

AMERICA'S first poet was a woman, and she was born in England. Anne Bradstreet she was, born Dudley, and to Northamptonshire belongs the honour of having given her birth. The particular village is not definitely known, but the year was 1612. Shakespeare was still living, and it was a golden age of literature; although perhaps less golden in fact than in retrospect. Her father, Thomas Dudley, may even have known Shakespeare, although he probably did not, since Thomas Dudley himself was a bit of a poet and would have been likely to celebrate the Master had it been his good fortune to know him; certainly Thomas Dudley's garrulous daughter, learning of the circumstance, would not have neglected to mention it.

Dudley had been a soldier in the Protestant wars of Elizabeth, and, for some years afterward, steward to the Earl of Lincoln, whose fortunes he helped to retrieve. He was a man of means and of excellent family, claiming kinship with the Dudleys and Sidneys of Penshurst. His daughter calls him a "magazine of history," and we have some samples of his verse, which would seem not to have been extraordinary. He was a book-worm, however, and, according to a complimentary "Epitaph,"

A table-talker, rich in sense,
And witty without wit's pretence.

Altogether a delightful old fellow, one fancies, in spite of his severely Puritan creed, and no doubt an admirable father for the first American poetess. He came over to Massachusetts in 1630, with a party of Puritan refugees, among them his son-in-law, Simon Bradstreet, who had married Anne in 1628. Four years later, Dudley succeeded Winthrop as Governor of the Colony.

It should be explained that in calling Anne Bradstreet the "first American poet," bibliographers mean the first *published* poet in America, so far as research has discovered. It is likely enough that others in America before Anne, "lisp'd in numbers," but there is no record that their rhymes were placed between covers by an American printer prior to the publication of Anne's first volume, in 1640.

Mistress Anne Bradstreet was a woman of active mind and refined sensibilities, and she acquired a very considerable culture at a time when educational accomplishments and advantages were possessed by few. Never in the best of health, in her girlhood she had been stricken with smallpox; and she is said also to have been lame. Certainly her several trials coloured her writings with a certain sadness, but she was known as a winsome woman and was held in great esteem. The cares of married life in no wise interfered with her composition, it would seem, for she was only sixteen when she was married, and in time she bore eight children. Most of her poetry was written during her most active years, before middle life. Her reading was as wide as the resources of the colony permitted, and her father, that "magazine of history," as she calls him, must have been invaluable to her. Ancient history seems to have been something of a passion with her, and indeed the scope and substance of her knowledge would have done credit to a scholarly man unencumbered by the cares and vexations of a household. It is to be remembered, however, that in those early days in Massachusetts Colony, there were few diversions to distract the mind after the appointed labours of the day had been accomplished; a bookish bent must have been a godsend to its possessor, the composition of poetry an inestimable privilege.

Her first volume, published at Boston in 1640, and dedicated to her father, bore up bravely under an extravagant title typical of the books of the period: "Several Poems, compiled with great variety of wit and learning, full of delight, wherein especially is contained a Complete Discourse and Description

of the Four Elements, Constitutions, Ages of Man, and Seasons of the Year; together with an exact Epitome of the Three First Monarchies, viz.: the Assyrian, Persian, and Grecian, and the Beginning of the Roman Commonwealth to the end of their last King; with divers other pleasant and serious Poems. By a Gentlewoman of New England." This volume met with high favour and soon passed into a second edition. In a third edition, issued in 1658, the character of the author is sketched as follows:

It is the work of a woman honoured and esteemed where she lives, for her gracious demeanour, her eminent parts, her pious conversation, her courteous disposition, her exact diligence in her place, and discreet management of her family occasions; and more so, these poems are the fruits of a few hours curtailed from her sleep, and other refreshments.

Thus it would seem that Anne often wrote at night. One can see her in her dim, candle-lighted chamber, bending seriously above her pious rhymes; outside, the fearful solitude of an unknown country, deep snows and shadowy forests; the over-tone of branch and wave deepening the significant silence of the scene. Save that her head was filled with distracting tales of other days, she might have been writing there in some bleak, prehistoric morning of the world.

Meanwhile, her book had been published in London, in 1650, under the same high-sounding title, prefaced by the additional line, "The Tenth Muse, lately sprung up in America." A more complete edition was published in Boston in 1678; this contained her "Contemplations," a moral and descriptive poem and perhaps the best example of her work; "The Flesh and the Spirit," a dialogue; and a number of verses on family incidents, found among her private papers after her death.

Compared with much that was written in the age in which Anne Bradstreet lived, her poetry is of high quality; as measured beside the best of its day it is unimportant. It holds its place in literature, and probably will continue to do so, chiefly because it was the first to be published in America. Duyckinck says of her work, fairly enough: "The formal natural history and historical topics, which comprise the greater part of her writings, are treated with doughty resolution, but without much regard to poetical equality. . . . It is not to be denied that if there is not much poetry in these productions, there is considerable information. For the readers of those times they contained a very respectable digest of the old historians, and a fair proportion of medical and scientific knowledge." Prof. Charles F. Richardson, a sound critic of the last generation, thinks some of her poems "by no means devoid of merit, though disfigured by a paucity of words and stiffness of style"; and John Rogers, more nearly of the lady's own day—he was president of Harvard in 1634—thus addressed her:

Madam, twice through the Muse's grove I walked
Under your blissful bowers—
Twice have I drunk the nectar of your lines.

But all of her critics were not as complimentary as Rogers, and to some that thought a woman should not be allowed to produce poetry she addressed herself in the following lines:

I am obnoxious to each carping tongue
Who says my hand a needle better fits,
A poet's pen all scorn I should thus wrong,
For such despite they cast on female wits;
If what I do prove well, it won't advance;
They'll say it's stol'n, or else it was by chance.

There is a touch of Pope in that; and it is reasonably certain that the lady knew how to take care of herself. Indeed, she is nothing if not vigorous, this Puritan Englishwoman who stole a few hours from slumber to become the first American poet. She is almost the first "new woman." Poor doggerel as is much of her work, there is much in it that is admirable, while even in her duller rhymes there is a homely uncton and an occasional humorous felicity that relieves the general aridity. Often, too, she is amusingly realistic, as when she tells us what meats it was possible for Puritan stomachs to digest in winter.

Her descriptions of nature and living things are often very delicate, and are always tender; with a little more taste she might have been exceedingly happy in this field. Her very pedantry is an earnest of her honesty, and her honesty often achieves an impressive simplicity, as in the following quotation from her "Contemplations":

I heard the merry grasshopper then sing,
The black clad cricket, bear a second part,
They kept one tune, and plaid on the same string,
Seeming to glory in their little art.
Shall creatures abject, thus their voices raise?
And in their kind resound their maker's praise:
Whilst I as mute, can warble forth no higher lays.

Under the cooling shadow of a stately elm
Close sate I by a goodly River's side,
Where gliding streams the rocks did overwhelm;
A lonely place, with pleasures dignified.
I once that lov'd the shady woods so well,
Now thought the rivers did the trees excell,
And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell.

Her punctuation, like her spelling and her diction, were proprietary; but she was not alone in her day in this particular: in her art, however, as far as Massachusetts Colony was concerned, she was very much alone.

The good soul was greatly influenced by "Silver-tongued Sylvester," whose translation of Du Bartas's "The Creation" (1606) was very popular among Puritan readers at the beginning of the seventeenth century; and if, as Duyckinck suggests, those quaintly devout volumes "led our author's taste astray, they also strengthened her finest susceptibilities." She has left a hearty and graceful tribute in honour of her literary godfather, in which occurs a pretty simile. She likens her muse "unto a child . . . who sees the riches of some famous fair," and is ravished by what he sees but lacks understanding to comprehend its worth, and who, at night, attempts to tell his mother what he has seen, but dropping into incoherence by reason of his "want of eloquence," is forced to fall silent. This reminds one of Henley's lines describing Stevenson as a child lost at a fair. Nathaniel Ward, author of the "Simple Cobbler of Agawam," in some quaint lines prefixed to an early edition of Anne's poems, places his finger upon her venial sin, and concludes with a tribute to womankind:

The auth'ress was a right Du Bartas girl.
Good sooth, quoth the old Don, tell me ye so,
I muse whither at length these girls will go.
It half revives my chill frost-bitten blood,
To see a woman once do aught that's good;
And chode by Chaucer's boots and Homer's furs,
Let men look to't, lest women wear the spurs.

Anne was also a devoted reader of Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," which she characterized with great minuteness in an "Elegy" penned nearly half a century after the fall of that "mirror of knighthood" at Zutphen.

In 1666, her letters and other papers were destroyed by a fire at her home in Andover, and it is supposed that a number of literary projects perished in the blaze. Six years later she died—16 September, 1672—at the age of sixty years. That she had not survived her reputation in England was evidenced two years later by the appearance of Edward Phillips's "Theatrum Poetarum," in which her book is mentioned by its title and the memory of its author's work pronounced "not yet wholly extinct." Whether it be extinct in England to-day, perhaps, is not important; her work must always have its place in chronicles of American literature.

An American critic has written of Anne Bradstreet: "Her numbers are seldom correct, and her ear had little of Milton's tenderness or Shakespeare's grace; yet she was the contemporary of England's greatest poets, the offspring of that age of melody which had begun with Spenser and Sidney, an echo from the distant wilderness of the period of universal song." That is well said, although it is praise by negation, and lends to the lady a sort of reflected lustre that she scarcely deserves. It is a descent, however, from the extravagant praise of her contemporaries. Cotton Mather said that her verses "would outlast the stateliest marble"; while others "weltered in delight," or were "sunk in a sea of bliss" at their perusal.

Perhaps she wrought better than to-day we can credit. At any rate, as America's first poet her immortality is assured.

VINCENT STARRETT.

THE NEW MILTON.

THOUGH it is now a little late, nearly two hundred and fifty years after the event, we seem about to change our estimate of the character of Milton. The eighteenth century was divided between admiration of his poetry and condemnation of his politics. The nineteenth century has been somewhat inclined to overlook both—except for the poets, who understood him, and the pedagogues, who persisted in using the "minor" poems as an elementary textbook of mythology. Then came Masson's great biography, too lightly ridiculed by Lowell, too readily accepted by most, with its aftermath of smaller, more manageable volumes. But we are all very easily imposed upon by mere bulk, and

Masson's thoroughness had the appearance of completeness and finality.

Yet much remains
To conquer still.

The tercentenary drew forth the customary reverential tributes and at the same time stirred the soil for another harvest. Now come new searches and researches into the extraordinary complexity of Milton's character. The old feeling of sanctity still lingers among the conservatives, and among the "younger men" there is a certain delight in sacrilege. But the future will surely bring forth a fresh judgment, less worshipful, no doubt, and more human; and some one will presently tell the story of Milton's youth in such a way as to make it conceivable that one individual wrote the elegies on Hobson and on Edward King, the seventh Latin Elegy and "Comus" (with its "sage and serious" doctrine).

Milton was possessed of the usual contradictory human instincts, with the usual exaggerations of genius; but we have traditionally simplified him into the sublime poet of "Paradise Lost" who in the careless moments of youth dashed off a few pages one may still care to read. One forgets that he had, even in later life, when his daily companions were Satan and his courtier devils and God and his courtier angels, a natural gaiety and brightness, a certain pure joy of living; that he could and on occasion did take genuine pleasure in wine and song and (with moderation) in woman—

The mirth that after no repenting draws.

He had the normal sex-instincts. He could fall in love with a chance-met pretty face. He could write love sonnets, decorous and a bit formal, to be sure, to an Italian Dark Lady, who need not be imaginary just because she is nameless. "Comus" betrays, obversely, a kind of obsession with the problem of chastity—for why, if he was not more or less obsessed with the theme, should he have chosen it for a masque to be performed by a girl of sixteen and her younger brothers for the inaugural of a Lord President of Wales? This interest in sex seems confirmed by his "sudden" marriage with Mary Powell a few years later. His boasting afterwards, though primarily in self-defence, that he did not avail himself of the easy opportunities for gratification that fell in his way in Italy is additional testimony. Besides this, did he not contemplate a new marriage (how close he came to it is not known) when Mary Powell returned to her mother, and then marry twice after Mary Powell died? Again, among the daily companions of his blind years was the vision of Eve, who was at times as ingenuous as our First Mother might be expected to be and at times as sophisticated as her youngest daughters:

Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.

Thus, it would appear that the traditional picture of the stern old Puritan will bear retouching.

Strangely enough, the pseudo-Freudians have not fastened their terrible tentacles onto this aspect of Milton. Psycho-analysis, masquerading as literary criticism, is having a rather disastrous effect upon our present-day literature. Naturalism, colour-audition, the war, polyphonic prose, are but fly-by-night midgets beside this menace. Milton would be a tempting subject for their vivisection but he has fortunately thus far escaped with only a scratch. A somewhat ingenious but on the whole maladroitness effort has been made to prove Milton an albino and then to explain as albinotic

consequences not merely his blindness but his hatred of women. In defence of this argument, are marshalled the facts that Milton was not tall—rather under middle height—his bookish descriptions of nature, his choice of the epic form for his *magnum opus*, his choice of subject, with its wholly imaginative setting, and sundry other complexities of his psyche. All of which is, of course, quite absurd. It is making a whole forest out of a very few trees, and a mediæval forest at that, full of

Horrid shapes and shrieks and sights unholy.

There is no doubt that Milton had weak eyes from the beginning and that he abused them. There is little doubt that he had in his youth light reddish brown hair and a very pale complexion. But on these two facts one can not erect the Miltonic edifice, even with psycho-analytic tools.

On another side, however, the forces of new light have almost made a breach. Milton says plainly in the "Areopagitica" that in Italy he "found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition." But in the winter of 1638-39, it seems from all the evidence that Galileo was not only so closely imprisoned by the Inquisition that he was refused the visits of even his friends, to say nothing of heretic strangers who had already talked offensively at Rome; but also too ill to receive visitors even if he had been allowed to. This contradiction is very embarrassing. It is, let us not deny, much like proving a universal negative to prove from external circumstances and *ex silentio* arguments, against Milton's direct testimony, that he did not visit Galileo. But there remain also the facts that Milton nowhere appears to know more than common hearsay about the great astronomer; that in the "Defensio Secunda," where he gives a full account of his Italian journey, he says nothing about this event; and that in his political writing Milton never hesitated to use the contemporary device of "wrenching" scripture for his argumentative purposes, and in various little ways (such as the claim in the headnote to "Lycidas" to have "foretold" the fall of the Anglican clergy), he showed no passion for scrupulous exactitude.

Even this slip is after all of slight importance compared to the Pamela Prayer episode. Here is the story.

When, early in 1649, the "Eikon Basilike" was published as from the pen of King Charles, the Parliamentarians saw reason to fear its influence. Charles was on the point of becoming a Christian saint and martyr, and in such a belief lay much of the Royalists' strength with the people. How meet the danger? Well, some one devised this expedient: to get out a new edition of the "Eikon" in which was inserted a prayer copied from Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia." Away would vanish the Stuart sainthood if Charles were shown worshipping God with a heathen prayer. Then in the "Eikonoklastes," the semi-official reply to the "Eikon Basilike," Milton makes a great point of the King's insincerity and sacrilege, ekeing out the Prayer Book with a pagan romance. True, the prayer is beautiful enough, and as printed in the "Eikon Basilike," has nothing in the least distasteful to the purest Christian feeling; the objection is that in its original context it came from the lips of a pagan worshipper. Accustomed as we are nowadays to recognize the foreign elements in our Christian doctrines and practices, we should probably rather praise the literary judgment of Charles than censure his religious liberalism in choosing this form of devotion—if we did not know that its appearance in his book (John Gauden's, in fact) was a fraud.

What would be startling, if it were not amusing, is the pettiness of such a trick carried out with such portentous seriousness. That Milton was actually partner to this bit of chicanery it is impossible to prove positively. The witnesses against him may well have been moved by political hatred. But the circumstantial evidence is strong, the whole thing is of a piece with many "Puritan" practices—one recalls the saying of Harrison the Regicide: "Cursed be he who doeth the work of the Lord negligently"—and it is part of a chain of testimony to the Miltonic zeal more vigorous than discriminating. This Milton who but a few years ago was the author of "Comus" and then of the "Blind mouths" invective against prelacy has become also the author of the ruthless truculent attacks on Claude Saumaise and Alexander More, ready to seize any weapon in the armoury of debate and make any use of it whatsoever: A figure out of the Old Testament, an untamed Israelite, whose god and hero was the God of Hosts, terrible and implacable in wrath, a jealous God, hating his enemies and fighting them with illimitable fury; a man ready to offer himself up, as a Samson, but determined to overcome. We can not refuse to accept this as one of the portraits of Milton, and therefore we can not maintain the improbability of Milton's taking part in this Pamela affair. Such things are usually not capable of logical demonstration; no case could possibly be made out, against which reasonable objections could not be raised. Our acceptance or denial of it in the Miltonic biography will be based on our general interpretation of his whole character.

On the other hand, one of the imputations against Milton has been quite fully removed by recent scholarship. This is in connexion with the divorce-pamphlets. In the latter part of May, 1643, Milton, without leave asked, or warning given, to any of his friends, went down to Oxford and returned in a month with Mary Powell as his wife. A few weeks after this Mary went home on a visit and refused to come back. And this very time Milton began writing his "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," which was published in August. Here was a pretty situation: the tender Royalist bride, the crabbed Puritan schoolmaster, misunderstandings, incompatibilities, quarrels, separation. To make it all worse Milton would erect his own individual experience into a law of the realm. Having erred, he would escape the consequences and make it easy for others to do the same—splendid human sympathy!—and he chooses the very weeks of his honeymoon to compose a tract on divorce. No: this is largely sentimental fiction, the truth being that Milton planned the "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce" in 1642, before his marriage, and that we know nothing whatever about Mary Milton's reasons for returning to her parents and refusal to rejoin her husband.

The old, traditional figure of an exalted Titan of pure righteousness, a disinterested champion of "the virgin Truth" against "a wicked race of deceivers" must go, along with the figure of the austere, impossible old man who was too intimate with Jehovah to be a decent human being. We must devise a composite of the three Miltons—the poet of youthful dreams, the controversial pamphleteer, and the divine interpreter of the Most High—which will leave all three visible. And though some will shrink at the idea, we must look to the middle years for our solution. If one may fall back on an aged metaphor, these were his crucible years. Into the retort went all those pleasures of Mirth and Melancholy, all that pure love of pure loveliness, together with the youthful pride, nascent egotism, and conviction of future mastery. One has only to read

that laboured letter which accompanied the sonnet "On his having Arrived at the Age of Twenty-Three" to understand that the later Milton is a simple development, not an alteration, of the earlier. There he deprecates the charge "that I have given myself up to dream away my years in the arms of studious retirement like Endymion with the moon"; and why, he says,

Why should not all the fond hopes that forward youth and vanity are fledge with, together with gain, pride, and ambition call me forward more powerfully than a poor, regardless and unprofitable sin of curiosity should be able to withhold me, whereby a man cuts himself off from all action and becomes the most helpless, pusillanimous and unweaponed creature; in a word, *the most unfit and unable to do that which all mortals aspire to, either to be useful to his friends or to offend his enemies?*

I italicize this last clause because it demonstrates so plainly that the fighter of 1640 to 1660 was not only incipient but actually existent in 1631. Milton's pamphleteering was, then, not a diversion of his natural bent but a fulfilling of it. Nor is it from merely artistic reasons (evil being more interesting than goodness), that the first two books of "Paradise Lost" are the best; he could speak out among the rebel angels, whereas he could only project himself intellectually into the regal setting and ceremonies of Heaven.

As the middle years were the outgrowth of the earlier, emphasized but not thwarted by external circumstances, so therefore "Paradise Lost" and "Samson Agonistes" represent the normal development of the middle years. As Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth, Milton was a very minor personage, but as official apologist for the Puritan cause, though partly self-delegated and inclined to magnify his importance, Milton filled a considerable place in English affairs. Yet all this hurly-burly of altercation and insult (even to the sacrifice of his eyesight), with its accompanying glories of eloquence, were the preparation, under the mysterious guidance of Heaven perhaps, for the justification of God's ways to men, for the beautiful visions of Paradise, a little strange and confusedly elaborate but still incomparable, for the magnificent portrayal of Satan and Beelzebub and Sin and Death, for the grandiose battle of Hell's and Heaven's armies. The extraordinary surpassing characterization of Satan would have been impossible to a Milton who had not entered eagerly, to whatever immediate purpose, into the soil and moil of contest, who had clung to the momentary Horton dream of "a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed." The idyllic loveliness of Eden would have been weaker without the isolation and forced withdrawal of one who had seen struggle and defeat and been thrown back upon his inner spirit. The learning, historical and theological, of his student years, which he lavished with apparent wastefulness on the prose controversies, was the very foundation on which the height of his great argument was raised.

Thus Milton's life is a coherent development, and so, too, is his character. His religious ideas moved steadily from natural acceptance of Anglicanism to open questioning, then to Presbyterianism, then to the wider freedom of Independency, and finally to a complete schism even from the whole Christian church. In the "De Doctrina Christiana" he abandoned all traditional dogma as such and took his stand on an interpretation of Scripture solely according to the "inner light" of John Milton. In "Paradise Regained" he took from the New Testament only the bare framework of a few incidents, the rest is an elaboration in the late Renaissance baroque manner and a mediæval, half-fantastic, half-scholastic argumentation. God the Son in "Para-

dise Lost" has some relation to Jesus Christ according to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John: the Christ of "Paradise Regained" is no more Christian than Satan himself.

Milton's private character shows the same trend. The difficult, blind old man, cheerful and morose, kindly and imperious by turns, was already foreshadowed by the youth who quarrelled with the Cambridge authorities, settled down under his father's roof, apparently for the rest of his days, without consulting his father's wishes, and permitted himself a hasty marriage at the age of thirty-five. Finally, there is that curious disregard of exact truthfulness which one hesitates to argue because it vanishes in tenuous quibbles or doubtful testimony and yet which one can not overlook because it appears in so many forms here and there in the biography. Pride, ambition, egotism are the very texture of his life: the peculiar product of Renaissance and Reformation qualities conjoined and exaggerated. In this also Milton was but a more striking example of the characteristically Puritan vices. Men who were so confident that they were indispensable agents of the Lord could hardly suspect themselves of being wrong: whatsoever they did was for God's glory, the fulfilment of God's purposes. In this rarefied atmosphere, mere human responsibilities and consistencies were as naught. "Thy will, not mine, O Lord" they could pray, with shocking but unconscious hypocrisy; and if there is laughter in Heaven, certainly the Lord laughed and forgave. But those who are irreverent enough to remove the false colours of Milton's aureole are still the more persuaded of his greatness when they see him plain.

PAULL FRANKLIN BAUM.

DE L'AMOUR.

It is one of those strange truisms which never occur to us, that men and women have thus far been defined by philosophers and gods who have regarded life as an imperfect system of ethics. I have dreamt of discovering what men and women must be if all existence is finally play, as one or two men are beginning to believe; and above all, what must be that point beyond man and woman, that extension of man and woman until their lines meet in infinity, which we call love. If the universe is not, as we have for æons held it to be, a rational and moral universe, but a universe beyond reason, morality, and everything that is useful and instrumental, then man and woman must be things quite other than we have always conceived them. We do not know them yet, perhaps! We do not know ourselves; we know only what we have made ourselves. Man—the reasonable animal; perhaps that is a great distortion; a deduction, not from the existence of man, but from the conception of the universe into which man has been fitted.

Love—understanding by the term that passion which gives birth to things either of corporeal or of intellectual reality—occupies a central position in the process of life. It is the everlasting beginning and new beginning and new spring of things, the principle whereby the whole world is made for ever young. In a universe built by an eternal reason; one would have expected that this activity, at any rate, would not be left to chance, that it would be the most solemn, the most certainly and irrefragably reasonable of all activities, the very rock of reason. Yet it is universally acknowledged as the most irrational thing. There is nothing less reasonable than love. Man in himself, we know, is not ineluctably reasonable: he is a rational

creature chiefly because there are other men in the world; and one man is more irrational than two. But the masterpiece and acme of irrationality is a man and a woman together. Then irrationality becomes enfranchised; then it is natural and right to be irrational; of that even the wisest and strictest men of thought have no doubt. About every other escapade from reason they have a bad conscience, but about this none at all. There is a residuum of sense even in the jokes which men tell one another; in their most gross extravagances they have always a furtive eye on masculine rationality, a principle of respectability; but with women they can escape from the bonds of reason altogether and become absolutely and without restraint nonsensical. For all perfect play a woman is needed. The play of man is irretrievably serious; it always becomes a "game," and a game must have rules. But in the game between men and women there are no rules; or rather there are rules, but part of the game, the interesting part, is the breaking of them. This game is played round the very act, and in the very act, in which life is procreated.

But there are things which can not be said in a vocabulary which has been so fatally modified as ours by the feminist movement. How is it possible to affirm without being misunderstood that the fundamental relation of man to woman, whether they love or are loved or not, is that of play? How is it possible to assert without involving oneself in endless complications, that the world in which men by themselves and women by themselves exist is a world of labour and duty, but that the world in which they move together is a world of play? Only by naming a few psychological or perhaps physiological facts which dive somewhat beneath the usual feminist theories. As, for example, that women exhilarate men even when they neither love nor are loved by them. Every one must have felt, without psychologizing it, the immediate increase of exuberance and delight which one receives when one moves into a room where women and men are talking or dancing together. The atmosphere is immediately quickened and rarefied; (Stendhal has better than anyone else rendered this atmosphere); the most dull and solid facts at once, and without effort, become "unreal"; words no longer have their ordinary meaning, one uses them consciously and lightly, without their content, and merely as pleasant fictions; one does not reflect whether what one is saying is "true" (that is at the moment the most trifling matter); one is no longer concerned with the usefulness, expedience, or even possibility of things; and in all this there is the sense of a delightfully dangerous dance over a tight-rope uncompromisingly stretched to the breaking-point. One exists no longer in a world where the useful and the necessary are recognized, but in one of pure unreality, of pure play. This is the realm, which the philosophers have sought for so long, in which two and two make anything else than four. But let the company separate into mere men and mere women, and immediately all the useful virtues, reason, common sense, forethought, sanity, flock back to them and settle in the lines on their faces. One jokes still, but one does it sensibly. Life becomes once more rational: the men have only to be left together to be reminded, by the suggestion of one on the other, that they have tasks and problems. Casanova avoided for two decades that moment; the seduction which the atmosphere of butterfly carelessness had for him was so unconditional, so fatal, that he could not do without it; he desired to live in it always as the most beautiful and ecstatic mode of existence.

But when one approaches love, love in which the irrationality of woman and of man meet in infinity, in which phantasy, extravagance, golden fiction, or rather golden laughter, at all that is dull and true, are eternal and unconquerable, love which never calls itself what it is—! Adolescence makes an ordinary young miss into a princess more poetical than any princess; and transfigures this world, which is really old, really very old, into a thing new and strange, in which even what is utilitarian becomes marvellous and æsthetic. The lover "walks on air" with the flimsy excuse that he loves and is loved by a mere woman, one among the many millions who love or are loved on this star. He is raised to a unique capacity for life; he does the most foolish, most heroic things; and is generous even to the length of throwing away his life for the safety of his beloved's. This is because life has suddenly become play. It is no longer a matter of mere necessity, of mere task and duty. An immemorial exuberance of life fills everything, so that the world is "transfigured"; and at the same time the lover, to whom existence has become a mere beautiful agon, can cast off his life simply because to do this might appear the most beautiful thing. Out of this world of enchanted folly comes renewed life. Life is rooted in all these wiles, fictions, and divine butterfly coquetties. It comes to being in the guise of play; and play is the immemorial name given to procreation in the vulgar common speech of the English.

This play of love is a conflict, but that is because every game is a conflict. The duel of the sexes was invented by men and women that the game of love might be possible, and that all delights should be opened to them. Love could not exist without the hunter and the hunted, the winning of the woman, even when she wants to be won, and the other devices; therefore Love created them. The attractions which women (naïvely and infallibly) radiate around them when they wish to be loved by a man, reason could easily expose and smile coldly at; they are only justified, only seductive, as play, and men can never resist play. Woman must be capable of infinite foolishness, of heroism in foolishness in order to awaken love in man, make him forget his vigilant reason, and light the radiant abyss of folly within him. All that we call charm in a woman is more or less graceful folly. The problem of marriage is the problem of how much folly two people must have in order to live happily together. Without a little reason they would not remain long together, it is true; but if they had not an inexhaustible fountain of folly, their lives would be full of shame and sordid necessities. In the end, they would procreate *pro bono publico*; sex would appear to them a utilitarian thing, existing "for the sake of the children." That makes everything unclean. Love is only great when it is regarded as pure play; and procreation is only then beautiful. To set beauty at the threshold of life we must conceive life as play.

EDWIN MUIR.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF S. A. TOLSTOY. (Translated by Leonard Woolf and S. S. Kotliansky.)

The following autobiography of Countess Tolstoy was written in August-September-October, 1913, three years after her husband's death, at the suggestion of Professor S. A. Vengerov. The editor, Vassili Spiridonov, remarks in his preface to the work: "The domestic drama is the centre round which all the thoughts and all the feelings of S. A. T. turn. In her story about this domestic drama she has not sinned against the truth; she has gone back

again into the past deeply and with sincerity—every one who reads her work without prejudice will admit this. And yet one feels that it is not for nothing that she tells of family difficulties and pours out before us the pain of her soul. Continual references to the difficulties of her position as a mother, insistent emphasis upon the mutual love of herself and her husband, and the allusions to 'friends' who entered the house, got possession of the mind, heart, and will of Leo N., and disturbed the harmony of their married life—all this creates an impression in the reader's mind that S. A. T., in writing her autobiography, was guided by a definite purpose, that of contradicting the unfavourable rumours about her which circulated everywhere and were getting into newspapers and magazines. We shall understand S. A. T.'s desire, if we consider her position. It is true that the great honour of being the wife of a genius fell to the lot of S. A. T., but there also fell to her lot the difficult task of creating favourable conditions for the life and development of that genius. She knew the joy of living with a genius, but she also knew the horror of living in public, so that her every movement, smile, frown, incautious word was in every one's eyes and ears, and was caught up by the newspapers and spread over the whole world, recorded in diaries and reminiscences as material for future judgments upon her. Forty-eight years is a long period. Many unnecessary words were spoken in that time, many incautious movements were made; and for every one she will be made to answer before the court of mankind. S. A. T. knew this, and with an anxious heart she prepared herself for the judgment. The 'Autobiography' and 'L. N. Tolstoy's Letters to His Wife' are the last words of the accused. We should listen to them carefully and with attention, weighing every word. If S. A. T. bears responsibility before all mankind, each of us before our conscience has a responsibility for whatever verdict he may pass upon her. We must judge sternly, but justly."

I

I was born on 22 August, 1844, in the country, at the village of Pokrovsoye in the manor of Glebov-Stryeshnev, and until my marriage I spent every summer there. In the winter our family lived in Moscow, in the Kremlin at the house near the Troitsky Gate which belonged to the Crown, for my father was court physician and also principal physician to the Senate and Ordnance Office.

My father was a Lutheran, but my mother belonged to the Orthodox Church. The investigations of my sister, T. A. Kuzminsky, and of my brother, A. A. Bers, show, with regard to my father's origin, that it was his grandfather who emigrated from Germany to Russia. During the reign of the Empress Elizabeth Petrovna regiments were raised in Russia, for which new instructors were required. At the request of the Empress, the King of Prussia sent four officers of the Horse Guards to Petersburg; among them was Captain Ivan Bers, who, after serving for several years in Russia, was killed at the battle of Zorndorf. He left a widow and one son, Evstafiy. All that is known about her is that she was called Marie, that she was a baroness, and that she died young, leaving a moderate fortune to her son Evstafiy.

Evstafiy Ivanovitch lived in Moscow and married Elisabeth Ivanovna Wulfert, belonging to an old, aristocratic Westphalian family. She had two sons, Alexander and Andrey, my father. Both were medical men and studied at the Moscow university.

In 1812 all the property of Evstafiy Ivanovitch was destroyed by fire, including all his houses, documents, and his seal with his coat of arms, a bee-hive with a swarm of bees attacking a bear, from which we derive our family name, Bers (*Bär* in German means bear). The right to the coat of arms was not restored to my father, though applications were made by his descendants; permission was given only to use a bee-hive and bees on the coat of arms.

After the war of 1812, the Government made a small grant of money to Evstafiy Ivanovitch; and my grandmother, Elisabeth Ivanovna, when she became a widow, managed with difficulty to educate her sons. After finishing their studies at the medical schools of the university, the brothers Bers began to earn their own living. The elder, Alexander, settled in Petersburg, the younger lived with his mother in Moscow.

At the age of thirty-four Andrey married Lyubov Alexandrovna Islavin, who was sixteen years old and the daughter of Alexander Mikhailovitch Islenev and of Princess Sophie Petrovna Kozlovsky, *née* Countess Zavodovsky.

My mother's descent was as follows: Count Peter Vasilevitch Zavodovsky, my mother's grandfather was the well-known statesman and favourite of the Empress Catherine II. Under Alexander I he became the first Minister of Education in Russia. He was married to Countess Vera Nikolaievna Apraxin, who was a maid of honour, a peeress in her own right, and a remarkable beauty. The elder daughter, Countess Sophie Petrovna Zavodovsky, at the age of sixteen, was married against her will to Prince Kozlosky; she had one son by him, but, after a short and unhappy married life, left him and had a liaison with Alexander Mikhailovitch Islenev with whom she lived for the remainder of her life. She died in childbirth, but had previously borne him three sons and three daughters, of whom the youngest, Lyubov Alexandrovna, was my mother.

Sophie Petrovna lived permanently on my grandfather's estate in the village of Krasnoye, and there she was buried near the church. It was said that she induced a priest to marry her to my grandfather. She used to say: "I want to be the wife of Alexander Mikhailovitch, in the sight of God, at any rate, if not in the eyes of man."

My grandfather, Alexander Mikhailovitch Islenev, of an old aristocratic family, took part in the battle of Borodino, after which he was given a commission in the Preobrazhensky Guards. Subsequently he was aide-de-camp to Count Chernishov. The family name of Islenev was not given to his children by Sophie Petrovna; the marriage was not considered legal, and the descendants now bear the name Islavin. Many of them rose to high rank.

II

My father and mother had a large family, and I was their second daughter. My father had, besides his government posts, a very large medical practice and often overworked. He tried to give us the best education and surrounded us with all the comforts of life. My mother did the same, but she also instilled in us the idea that, as we had no fortune at all, and the family was large, we must prepare ourselves to earn our own living. Besides learning our own lessons we had to teach the younger children to do sewing, embroidering, and housekeeping, and, later on, prepare for the examination of a private teacher.

Our first governesses were German; we were taught French at the outset by our mother, then by governesses, and later by the French lecturer of the university. We were taught the Russian language and science by university students. One of them tried in his own way to develop my mind and to make me a believer in extreme materialism; he used to lend me Büchner and Feuerbach and suggested that there was no God, and that religion was an obsolete superstition. At first I was fascinated by the simplicity of the atomic explanation and the reduction of everything in the world to the correlations of atoms, but I soon felt the want of the ordinary orthodox faith and Church, and I gave up materialism for ever.

Up to the time of the examinations, we daughters were educated at home. At the age of sixteen I went in for the private teacher's examination at the Moscow university, taking Russian and French as my principal subjects. The examiners were the well-known professors, Tikhon-

ravov, Ilovatsky, Davidov, Father Sergievsky, and M. Paquaut. It was an interesting time. I was working with a friend, the daughter of the Inspector of the University, and therefore moved in university circles, among intelligent professors and students. It was the beginning of the 'sixties, a time of intellectual ferment. The abolition of serfdom had just been announced; every one was discussing it, and we young people were enthusiastic for the great event. We used to meet, discuss and enjoy ourselves.

At that time a new type had just appeared in life and in literature; the new breath of nihilism made itself felt among the young. I remember how at a large party, when professors and students were present, Turgenev's "Fathers and Sons" was read aloud, and Bazarov seemed to us to represent a strange type, something new, something which contained a promise for the future.

I was not a good student, always concentrating exclusively upon the subject which I liked. For instance, I liked literature very much. I was carried away by Russian literature and read a great many books, getting the oldest books and manuscripts from the university library, beginning with the chronicles and ending with the latest Russian writers. I was fascinated and surprised that the Russian tongue should have developed into the language of Pushkin out of its feeble beginnings in the monastic writings. It was like the growth of a living creature.

In my youth Tolstoy's "Childhood" and Dickens's "David Copperfield" made the greatest impression on me. I copied out and learned by heart passages in "Childhood" which I particularly liked; for instance: "Will one ever get back the freshness, the freedom from care, the desire for love, and the power of belief which one possesses in childhood? . . ." When I finished "David Copperfield," I cried as though I were being separated from a dear friend. I did not like studying history from the textbooks; in mathematics I liked only algebra, and that, owing to a complete lack of mathematical gifts, I soon forgot.

I was successful in the university examinations; in both Russian and French I received the mark "excellent," and I was given a diploma of which I was very proud. Later, I remember, I was pleased at hearing Professor Tikhonravov praise my essay on "Music" to my husband; he added: "That is just the wife you need. She has a great *flair* for literature; in the examination, her essay was the best of the year."

Soon after the examination I began writing a story, taking as the heroines myself and my sister Tanya, calling her Natasha. Leo Tolstoy also called the heroine in his "War and Peace" Natasha. He read my story some time before our marriage, and wrote of it in his diary: "What force of truth and simplicity!" Before my marriage I burned the story and also my diaries, which I had kept since my eleventh year, and other youthful writings, which I much regret.

Of music and drawing I learned little; I did not have enough time, although throughout my life I have loved all the arts and have more than once returned to them, using the little leisure left to me from a life which, in my girlhood and particularly during my marriage, was always busy and hard-working.

III

Count Leo Nikolaievitch Tolstoy had known my mother from his childhood and was a friend of hers, though he was two and a half years younger. Now and then on his way to Moscow he used to pay a visit to our family. His father, Count Nikolai Ilitch Tolstoy, was very friendly with my grandfather, Alexander Mikhailovitch Islenev, and they used to visit one another at the village of Krasnoye and the hamlet of Yasnaya Polyana. In August, 1862, my mother took us girls to see our grandfather at the village of Ivitsi in Odoevsky, and on our way we stopped at Yasnaya Polyana which my mother had not seen since she was a child; at the time my mother's greatest friend, Maria Nikolaievna Tolstoy, was staying there, having just returned from Algiers.

On our way back Leo Nikolaievitch accompanied us as far as Moscow, and he used to come and see us almost daily at our country-house in Pokrovskoye, as afterwards also in Moscow. On the evening of 16 September, he handed me a written proposal of marriage. Up to that time no one knew the object of his visits. There was a painful struggle going on in his soul. In his diary at the time he wrote, for instance:

12 SEPTEMBER, 1862. I am in love, as I did not think it possible to be in love. I am a madman; I'll shoot myself, if it goes on like this. They had an evening party; she is charming in everything. . . .

13 SEPTEMBER, 1862. To-morrow, as soon as I get up, I shall go and tell everything or shoot myself.

I accepted Leo Nikolaievitch and our engagement lasted only one week. On 23 September we were married in the royal church of the Nativity of Our Lady, and immediately afterwards left for Yasnaya Polyana in a new carriage with a team of six horses and a postilion. We were accompanied by Alexey Stepanovitch, Leo Nikolaievitch's devoted servant, and the old maid-servant, Varvara.

After coming to Yasnaya Polyana, we decided to settle down there with Aunt Tatyana Alexandrovna Ergolsky. From the very first, I assisted my husband in the management of the house and estate, and in copying out his writings.

After the first days of our married life had passed, Leo Nikolaievitch realized that besides his happiness he needed activity and work. In his diary of December, 1862, he wrote: "I feel the force of the need to write." That force was a great one, creating a great work which made the first years of our married life bright with joy and happiness.

Soon after our marriage, Leo Nikolaievitch finished "Polikushka" and finally completed "The Cossacks" and gave it to Katkov's *Russky Vvestnik*. He then began to work on the Decembrists whose fate and activity interested him a great deal. When he began to write about that period, he considered it necessary to relate who they were, and to describe their origin and previous history, and so to go back from 1825 to 1805. He became dissatisfied with the Decembrists, but "The Year 1805" served as a beginning for "War and Peace" and was published in *Russky Vvestnik*. This work, which Leo Nikolaievitch did not like to be called a novel, he wrote with pleasure, assiduously, and it filled our life with a living interest.

In 1864 a good deal of it was already written, and Leo Nikolaievitch often read aloud to me and to our two cousins, Varya and Lise, the daughters of Maria Nikolaievna Tolstoy, the charming passages as soon as he had written them. In the same year he read a few chapters to friends and to two literary men, Zhemchuzhnikov and Aksakov, in Moscow, and they were in raptures over it. Generally Leo Nikolaievitch read extraordinarily well, unless he was very much excited, and I remember how pleasant it was in Yasnaya Polyana to listen to him reading Molière's comedies, when there was nothing new to be read from "War and Peace."

During the first years at Yasnaya Polyana we lived a very retired life. I can not recall anything of importance during that time in the life of the people, or society, or the State, because everything passed by us: we lived the whole time in the country; we followed nothing, saw nothing, knew nothing—it did not interest us. I desired nothing but to live with the characters of "War and Peace"; I loved them and watched the life of each of them develop as though they were living beings. It was a full life and an unusually happy one, with our mutual love, our children, and, above all, that great work, beloved by me and later by the whole world, the work of my husband. I had no other desires.

At times in the evenings, when we had put the children to bed and sent off the manuscript or corrected proofs to Moscow, we would sit down at the piano as a recreation, and play duets till late at night. Leo Nikolaievitch was particularly fond of Haydn's and

Mozart's symphonies. At that time I played rather badly, but I tried very hard to improve. Leo Nikolaievitch, too, it was clear, was satisfied with his fate. In 1864 he wrote in a letter to my brother: "It is as though our honeymoon had only just begun"; and again: "I think that only one in a million is as lucky as I am." When his relative, Countess Alexandra Andreyevna Tolstoy complained that he wrote little and rarely to her, he replied: "*Les peuples heureux n'ont pas d'histoire*"; that is the case with us." Every new idea, or the successful carrying out of some creation of his genius, made him happy. Thus, for instance, he writes in his diary on 19 March, 1865: "A cloud of joy has just come upon me at the idea of writing the psychological history of Alexander and Napoleon."

It was because he felt the beauty of his own creations that Leo Nikolaievitch wrote: "The poet takes the best out of his life and puts it into his writings. Hence his writing is beautiful and his life bad." But his life at that time was not bad; it was as good and as pure as his work.

How I loved copying "War and Peace"! I wrote in my diary: "The consciousness of serving a genius and a great man has given me strength for anything." I also wrote in a letter to Leo Nikolaievitch: "The copying of 'War and Peace' uplifts me very much morally; that is spiritually. When I sit down to copy it, I am carried away into a world of poetry, and sometimes it even seems to me that it is not your novel that is so good, but I that am so clever." In my diary I also wrote: "Levotchka all the winter has been writing with irritation, often with tears and pain. In my opinion, his novel, 'War and Peace' must be superb. Whatever he has read to me moves me to tears." In 1865, when my husband was in Moscow looking up historical material, I wrote to him: "To-day I copied and read on a little ahead, what I had not yet seen or read, namely, how the miserable, muffled-up old Mack himself arrives to admit his defeat, and round him stand the inquisitive aides-de-camp, and he is almost crying, and his meeting with Kutuzov. I liked it immensely, and that is what I am writing to tell you."

SOPHIE ANDREIEVNA TOLSTOY.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANY.

THE other day a book came into my hands which crystallized some of the thoughts about literature and education that have long been floating vaguely in my mind. In the "Here and Now Story Book" the author has attempted to substitute the "fairy tales of science" and the data of matter-of-fact experience for the archaic adventures and romances of traditional literature; and taken all in all, her work is a fresh and original attempt to vivify the imagination of children, to give them joy in handling words, to make them able to communicate their experiences, and to discuss, on an entirely new set of premises, the place of literature in the life of the child. The author has opened up a number of new issues which can not pass without argument; but at the beginning I wish heartily to recommend the virtues of the "Here and Now Story Book," in the hope that many other children besides those at the City and Country School may discover that the heaven which lies about us in our infancy is nothing other than the world adults despise, seen for the first time. The author of the book is Lucy Sprague Mitchell; and the publisher, E. P. Dutton.

WHAT lies behind Mrs. Mitchell's stories is the City and Country School. Education in this school begins with the familiar environment; and day by day the child widens his explorations and penetrates farther into the life of the city about him, from the water-front to the business district, from home to market. The aim is not merely to direct the child gradually towards the adult world, but to enable him the while to enjoy a satisfactory and stimulating existence within his own world. "We try," Miss Caroline Pratt says in her introduction to Mrs.

Mitchell's work, "to keep the children upon present-day and familiar things until they show by their attack on materials, and especially upon information, that they are ready to work out into the unknown and the unfamiliar. In the matter of stories and verse which fit into such a programme we have always felt an almost total void." This void the "Here and Now Story Book" is designed to fill; hence such typical stories, for children from two to seven, as "Marni gets dressed in the morning," "Hammer and Saw and Plane," "The Subway Car," "Eben's Cows," and "The Skyscraper." The titles of the stories I have mentioned are a clue to the contents; though on the subject of the technique of the children's story Mrs. Mitchell has a pregnant contribution to make, which I trust will be widely discussed by more competent critics than myself. What I wish here to ask is not whether the dramatization and expression of the child's everyday contacts with his environment is worth while—of course it is!—but whether this takes in all the material for his literary efforts.

LET me lead up to my point by a digression. There is a world without and a world within, a convex and a concave surface to every personality. From the world without come the impressions—sense data—which are the basis of our knowledge of the environment, and enable us to act effectively in our various relations with men and things. From the world within rise the dreams which re-interpret our impressions and project them into a different kind of world in which the gaps between desire and fulfilment are bridged, in which the asperities of experience are softened, in which most of the partialities and inadequacies of the "external world" are rectified. This world of dreams, which the analytical psychologists have at best only half explored (since they have confined themselves so largely to the function of dreams in morbid states), seems to serve two purposes. On one hand, the dream enables the personality to project certain ends in relation to which behaviour may be modified. Its function in this instance is to assist in reacting upon the environment. When these reactions can not be carried out, the function of the dream, it seems to me, is to act as a shock-absorber—to lessen the impact of desire against reality.

IN a school as admirably fitted to the activities of the child as the City and Country School, a good part of the child's dreams, it is true, can be carried out in play-activities of one sort or another—in the modelling-shop, the kitchen, the music studio, or where not. Nevertheless, the question remains whether these activities will completely engross the dreams of the child even at the tender ages for which Mrs. Mitchell has written her stories. Only a part of the dream world, it would appear, is purposive in the sense that it is directly related to actions which may be carried out in one's immediate environment; there is an overflow, as it were, of "aimless" dreaming which has little relation to any colourable "here and now," and this overflow, while it may be canalized on occasion into here-and-now stories, is to some extent in reaction against the here-and-now world, and is always trying to catch strains from the horns of elfland, faintly blowing.

Now, the function of great literature, in the traditional sense, is, I believe, to connect with this "aimless" dream world; and instead of letting its currents overflow into isolated imaginative marshes which may become dank and humid, to lead it through deeper channels of spiritual experience into that main stream of imaginative life which is the common possession of the whole community. Common myths, common fables, common fairy tales, and, in later life, common novels and dramas, make a thick tissue of connexion between the lives of extraordinarily different people, whose experiences of the external world may be as dissimilar as those of a child bred in the streets of Manhattan, and those of one bred in the mountains of New Hampshire. Literature disciplines the imaginative

activities, and substitutes for a petty dream or a crippled or a morbid dream, a great dream; and, in addition, it creates a spiritual bond which is as necessary to the good life as is a realistic grasp, in terms of science, of the immediate environment.

MRS. MITCHELL does well to emphasize the child's need for experience of literature as it comes from his own private contacts and explorations; for the traditional scheme of education overlooks the fact that there is perhaps more of Phidias in a child's mud-pies than in an academic appreciation of classic art, and more of Shakespeare in a Mother Goose jingle or the prattle of the nursery than there is in Lamb's tales. The emphasis of traditional education has, it must freely be admitted, been wrong; and Mrs. Mitchell should be cordially praised for the courage, and more than that, the humility with which she has set out to correct it. By following the child into his own world she has discovered how little conventional literature can be dragged after her. It is just because Mrs. Mitchell has opened up a neglected sphere that I think it necessary to urge that there remains a province, which increases in size with maturity, which our traditional literature has rightly attempted to fill, and has failed to fill for lack of wisely selected material.

CONVENTIONAL education has perhaps been a miserable fraud, for the greater part, because it has led starved and cheated people to find compensation for their dissatisfaction in books, instead of equipping them to react upon the world with sufficient audacity to keep them and their children from being starved and frustrated; and the chief remedy, hitherto, for this paralysing, bookish education has been—more books! Yet when literature as an opiate has been appraised for what it is worth, there remains literature as the staff of life, or more than that, as the bow of life—"the bow of burning gold"—with which we learn to shoot the arrows of desire. Even for the youngest of children, it seems to me, alongside its intelligent and sensible commerce with the world of Here and Now, there must be a hint, a promise, now and again, of a There and a Beyond.

IT may be that traditional literature has little to offer the child in this department; it may be that the child himself has something precious to contribute to it, if we will but listen, as Mrs. Mitchell wisely urges; it may be that it still remains for our poets and story-tellers to create a literature which is adequate to our new insight into what is needed for the child's imaginative growth. Poets like Mr. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay give me hope that in a new simplicity and humility a vivid, interesting literature may be written for children, at once removed from adult standards and in harmony with them. New myths may still have to be created. My chief point at present is to insist that it is necessary to create them; for there is a common spiritual life which literature enables men to lead, and probably as soon as words are used, the foundations for that life should be laid.

JOURNEYMAN.

ART.

CONSTANTIN GUYS.

THE history of the Grands Boulevards in Paris has never yet been written. They live on the pages of Balzac, of Flaubert, of Cladel, of Mendés; they live in the creations of Gavarni and Daumier and Constantin Guys. In writing of Guys, Baudelaire says: "Some people have justly compared the works of Gavarni and of Daumier with 'La Comédie Humaine,' as being commentaries on his novels. Balzac himself, I am convinced, would not have hesitated in adopting this idea, which is just in the sense that the genius of the artistic painter of morals is that of a mixed genius; that is to say that there enters into it a good deal of the literary imagination." Always, the Boulevards

have an odd and an extraordinary fascination for those who love Paris most at the hour when dusk comes on, stealthy as the silent feet of night, more exciting than any hour in the day; the hour of *apéritifs* and the hours that follow them till long after midnight. "*Sur la terrasse, entre la rangée de fiacres et le vitrage, une pelouse de femmes, une floraison de chignons échappés du crayon de Guys, attifées de toilettes invraisemblables, se prêtassent sur les chaises; les unes conservaient sur leurs genoux un gros bouquet, les autres un petit chien, les autres rien.*" There certainly, in the little ironical masterpieces, "*Les Demoiselles de Bienfilâtre*," is Villiers's exasperated vision of the Boulevard des Italiens in 1883.

The Guys to whom Villiers refers is Constantin Guys, who was born 3 December, 1805, and who died at the age of eighty-seven and was one of the most original and paradoxical artists of our time. "*Le Peintre de la Vie Moderne*" (1863) of Baudelaire, written on him, is tremendously amusing, cynical, subtle; and there is much in it of the writer's personality, together with that taste and spirit of modernity which existed in Guys and in Baudelaire. Both adored the old, odd, squalid and sordid and brilliant streets that went for so much in one's days and nights in Paris. Night comes, and Guys wanders from the Latin quarter to the Boulevard; it is the bizarre and dubious hour when the sky's curtains are closed and the street-lamps are lighted. He follows the light as one follows one's own shadow, where the city's life swarms at its intensest heat; where the passions in men's and women's eyes and in their speaking mouths are drawn into him by a kind of magnetism; where the most exquisite creature is seen, driven in her carriage in the middle of the street, turning her eyes in a languid indifference on a woman who has come from the lowest depths, and who scowls at her.

What Guys seeks with most passion is modernity; for on the Boulevard, one sees every form of modernity in what is transitory, fugitive, eternally immobile. He seizes the dramatic moments, and as he draws them, exaggerates them. His imagination is so vivid that he can create furiously original drawings as he studies the dim lights behind the stages of music-halls, and the glaring lights along the Boulevard Saint-Martin.

Constantin Guys is the historian of the women of his generation; he is their absolutely accurate historian. There remains much that is hermetically sealed and secret in the adventurous, the wandering, the always insatiably curious existence of Guys; yet what we know of him, among a hundred different things, is his passionate love of all the forms of life that passed before his (at times) abnormal vision. This observer of all the morals is never in default; for just as he expresses the allurements of certain women, so he represents, with an exact science, all that visible prostitution which is for the most part made for men's cynical amusement. He renders in a marvellous fashion the subtle movements of the professional women as they leave their houses, their evil houses or the houses where they are supposed to live alone and for no other reason than their inevitable fascination. He wanders with them in the Folies-Bergère, where, in the continual flux and reflux, they push themselves against one simply as animal against animal; for in these Parisian music halls there is an immense provocation of the flesh, as much so the last time I was in Paris as ever before. I have only to read Baudelaire and Huysmans and the Goncourts, and then to imagine how varied were their sensations, their sense of fem-

inine attractions and repulsions. It is terrible to think how many men of genius have dealt largely with the question of the repulsiveness of women: not only Petronius did so, but the saints of all the centuries as well, and the moralists and the immoralists.

Guys's designs of women are dated by the fashion. The rapidity and the breadth of his composition show how precisely he marks the costume of those wanderers of the Second Empire who were designated by the names of *biches* and *cocottes*. They wore large skirts, crinolines, high-heeled shoes, tightly-drawn white stockings, a toque on their heads, their heavy tresses falling on both sides of the ears, the chignon in a hair-net. Guys takes us with him everywhere; we are with him in the streets, in the cafés, in the theatres, in the dressing-rooms, in the balls, in the brothels, in the Moulin-Rouge, in the Folies-Bergère. In the garden of Mabilly, for instance, he portrays the women's avid eyes, exasperating the men's cynical desires; both sexes equally wary and observant and—what can I call it?

Wine, the red coals, the flaring gas,
Bring out a brighter tone in cheeks
That learn at home before the glass
The flush that eloquently speaks.

The blue-grey smoke of cigarettes
Curls from the lessening ends that glow;
The men are thinking of the bets,
The women of the debts they owe.

Then their eyes meet, and in their eyes
The accustomed smile comes up to call,
A look half-miserably wise,
Half-heedlessly ironical.

Here, for instance, are two women: this one does not talk, she waits near two men who are talking; the other, occupied in the conquest of two men, images with her *macabre* profile, her lamentable air, the unconsciousness of passivity. Again he shows a box in a theatre, with rather fabricated people in it: it is what one sees of the stage that counts. A café-concert singer in evening dress holds herself in front of the *corbeille* of other women seated in a circle, her arms gesticulating, her mouth wide open. The dancing girls, in the petals of their skirts, are grouped like the flowers in a bouquet; Thérèse, dressed in black décolletée in a long slit, a black collar round her neck, shows the historical portrait of a great artist before her audience. Then he shows professional dancing-girls, who rejoice in their rhythmical steps, in the sound of the music to which they dance; one dressed in blue, with rouge on her cheeks, a rose in the lace of her bodice, is holding her heavy skirt and shows her stockings and shoes. Another, standing apart, whose little head is hooded, shows her white skirts, her tiny feet in tinier shoes; one sees her tremble, the moment before she joins the crowd.

All that is feverish and delirious in these balls is felt intensely by Guys. He has noted the fury of the *chahut*, in two women back to back, who lift their legs and show the double reflection of their varnished shoes and of their calves before they do the double split; and in two others, who, with aspects and attractions even more devilish, turn half-naked, with one leg held in one hand. One, a malicious and vicious type, throws her skirt over her shoulders: and before her as always, is the avid group of admiring men.

What is dominant in this incomparable painter of prostitution, beyond all discussion of technical execution, is expression; and it is infinitely profound and vehement, sanguinary as the after-sunset I see in the

sky to-night, tenebrous in its purple magnificence, a Goya after-sunset. He is always on the watch to seize upon and portray the inner self of these living apparitions; as in one instance where he shows a woman of the popular type, magnificently dressed, her breasts rigid, her long eyes, lengthened by artifice, avowing their duplicity. The artist's execution aids in creating this expression, not only by the daintiness of the outlines, but by the sensuous mouth, the curved nose, the laughing eyes, and by the vibration that one divines in the figure under the farthingale, made by tintings rapidly washed in with the brush.

In a Spanish scene appears one of the most extraordinary Oriental designs that Guys ever made. The whole composition is one ferocious festival, whirled onward by the winds of all the desires, crowned by half-naked girls who wave their fans as their mantillas shake, showing their nervous legs and the coloured skirts that seem to live an excited life of their own. Two lovely Spanish women are lolling backward in a carriage; they have wicked eyes, their black hair is held in by combs; their expression is of passion, piquancy. A fair creature rides behind a matador on horseback, her dress slipping off her white shoulders. The composition is delirious; all this cavalcade traverses the page like a whirlwind, and one veritably believes that it will disappear before one's eyes, leaving the page blank.

We touch the bottom of the Parisian sewer in the scenes of prostitution drawn by Guys. He groups in the corner of a street three women, two young and one old; the young ones wear hats, they are dressed in shawls that show their small waists. Again he shows two mere silhouettes, standing against the vision of a narrow lane, the obscurity troubled by the fire of some gas-lamps. He enters the evil houses; he sees women seated on divans. Six women seated in a room direct their eyes in the direction of the door; they are breathless, they indicate by their attitudes that some one is entering. He enters, the gentleman without whom these can not exist; and the instant after he has entered their room, he is their equal.

This does not prevent him from assuming an air of ridiculous superiority: the man who professes his contempt for the women he has come to enjoy. One sees him stand, hat on head, hands in pockets, balancing himself in a dandified fashion, as he leans against the divan where some of the women are seated. He and they know he has his choice of this infamous flower-garden; some are eager, some utterly indifferent: they and he know that, having chosen his night-companion, he goes with her, arm in arm, lifting the hangings.

The observation of Guys is spontaneous, vivid and vital; he can represent scenes that are morbid, morose, mad, real, fantastic. He fixes on his loose sheets of paper an extraordinary twilight, where gas-lamps shine as in those rooms of evil houses they are reflected in the hectic skin of faces, of shoulders and arms. In the mystery of these closed chambers, with low ceilings, with floors and walls arranged so as to conceal all noise, with heavy hangings, where the silhouettes are shadowy and rapid, one is plunged into a hideously heated nightmare out of which surge strange sensations, animal faces; men dressed in black, women dressed in sombre costumes, who seem to be sorceresses, demons, beasts of the night such as one sees in the paintings of those who have portrayed the temptations which St. Anthony endured in the seventh circle of hell.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

TAXING OURSELVES RICH.

SIRS: Perhaps my recent experience with the United States Customs House would interest you.

I received a few days ago a few pieces of tapestry from Sweden, valued at \$6.40. To the regulation duty of thirty-five per cent was added an extra impost of forty-five cents per pound, which seems extraordinarily arbitrary. The total customs-charge amounted to \$4.04. To add insult to injury a war-tax of twenty-five cents was tacked on for no other apparent reason than to increase the irritation. I am, etc.,
Chicago, Illinois.

ERIC OSTERBERG.

A NEW KIND OF LIBERAL.

SIRS: Your readers have been in your debt ever since one of your early issues defined the liberal, and, defining, placed him by implication alongside the dodo and the ostrich. But what can even an editor do about a person who is designated a "radical liberal?" For that is just what Mr. Whidden Graham, in an otherwise intelligent communication published in the *World*, calls our Christian-imperialist friend, Mr. P. W. Wilson, who had burst into print with an article urging the organization of a League of Christians. Please let me quote Mr. Graham's concluding paragraph:

Mr. Wilson says that the real solution for the problem of wickedness in New York is not in forbidding people to do bad things but in encouraging them to do good things. Encouragement is of no use unless we make it easier for people to do right. The people do not need sympathy or encouragement in right doing. They need radical changes in the very basis of our social order that will establish justice. As a radical liberal Mr. Wilson knows this. Why does he not say so?

Apparently the liberal is dead. Long live the radical liberal, who at least may be a myth, whereas the liberal can never be anything but a monument of self-deception. I am, etc.,
New York City.

PAUL STANDARD.

"ACCEPTANCE IN PRINCIPLE."

SIRS: I am enclosing herewith a copy of a letter which I have sent to Dr. Wallace Atwood, discussing the legal and ethical aspects of his petty kaiserism. Your discussion of the affair in the *Freeman* of 19 April is exceedingly interesting, but after reading your delightful account of the Russian statesmen in conference with the "international mountebanks" at Genoa, in the *Freeman* of 26 April, it has occurred to me that both the *Freeman* and myself have failed to make it clear that Dr. Atwood accepts freedom of speech "in principle." Let us be sure not to let it happen again. The Russian statesmen have taught us a valuable lesson, and Dr. Atwood has shown the mountebanks of European diplomacy that they have nothing "on him" when it comes to handling the jargon of mountebankery.

However, the important thing right now is to enjoin the trustees of Clark University from any further payment to this mountebank, as I have indicated in my letter to him. There must be a judge somewhere in the State of Massachusetts who is capable of reading the provision of the will founding the university which Dr. Atwood has violated, and can permanently enjoin him from further stipend under that will. What can the *Freeman* do towards accomplishing this result? It seems to me that there should be enough virility in the whole nation to back up the students in their stand for intellectual freedom, and make this incident not only the cause of Dr. Atwood's dismissal and the election of a real educator as head of Clark University, but also make it a turning point in the battle for the intellectual and economic freedom of the world. I am, etc.,
Long Beach, California.

HORACE MANN.

(Enclosure.)

DR. WALLACE W. ATWOOD,
Worcester, Mass.

DEAR SIR: I have read with amazement the account of your recent performance at a meeting arranged by the Liberal Club of Clark University, contained in the *Nation* of 29 March. It is astounding that you had not wit enough to see that your action furnished proof of the truth which Dr. Scott Nearing was proclaiming. I desire to call your attention to the following comment from the *Nation's* article:

"Dr. Nearing had been talking of the control of public opinion by college, church, and press. Before he had finished speaking, an exhibition of college control was thus supplied by the president of the nearest university at hand! Nor were

pulpit and press much behind in giving an equally illuminating demonstration of their methods."

The writer, Mr. Arthur Warner, then produces the proof of the latter statement from the columns of the Worcester press. He also publishes a report of "more enlightened" comment from the Boston press, including the statement of the *Herald* that your action was ill-advised and played directly into the speaker's hand, and that of the Boston *American*, which called your action "undignified and impudent."

I am writing to tell you that it was far worse than that. Your action trampled upon the constitutional rights of an assemblage, and also upon the specific provision made by the founder of Clark University, who was clearly designing to prevent just such a performance as you have been guilty of, in the explicit provision of his will. It is clear that if you draw another cent of salary from the endowment provided by Jonas Gilman Clark, that fact will furnish incontrovertible proof that the courts of Massachusetts can be added to the list of things controlled by plutocracy which Dr. Nearing enumerated. And in case you have the dishonesty to wish to draw such salary, after your trampling upon the explicit provision of the will under which the endowment is provided, you should turn to Victor Hugo's account of the ghouls of the battlefield of Waterloo for a description of the kind of man you are. "Take heed and beware of covetousness," and "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees which is hypocrisy." Also bear in mind that this communication to you is written in the spirit of one who "came not to condemn the world, but to save the world." Your conduct trampled upon the teaching of the Master who taught in Galilee, as well as upon the freedom guaranteed by our Constitution and expressly provided for in the foundation of Clark University.

You say in a statement published in the *Nation*: "I believe in absolute academic freedom within a university, but that question is not at issue in connexion with this incident." On the contrary, *that is the only question at issue*, and if your action is allowed to stand unchallenged, you stand with the former Kaiser in your dictatorship, and have made "a scrap of paper" of the provisions which are supposed to be binding upon you. The trustees of Clark University have no option in the matter other than your summary dismissal under the mandate of the founder's will. To do otherwise would make them partners in your crime.

You are quoted as saying: "This controversy is just a little family affair." So thought Judas Iscariot, Caiaphas and Pontius Pilate of their "little family affair" nineteen hundred years ago, but what is the verdict of history? "The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner." Now is this question propounded to you: "Do ye not therefore err, because ye know not the Scriptures, neither the power of God?" Not only do you err because you know not the Scriptures, but evidently also, because you know not the stipulation of the founder of Clark University that "its doors may be ever open to all classes and persons whatsoever may be their religious faith or political sympathies, or to whatever creed, sect, or party they may belong."

That provision in the will of Jonas Gilman Clark leaves the trustees under that will no option except to follow your Kaiseristic "The meeting is dismissed," with the mandate of the will, *Wallace Atwood is dismissed*. Then if they will immediately call Dr. Scott Nearing to fill the position for which you have proved too small, they will at once restore Clark University to its rightful place among our educational institutions.

In your statement in the *Nation* you say: "I closed the meeting because there were so many of our undergraduate students present." Since when has it become a rule at Clark University that undergraduates must be kept in ignorance, even at the cost of discourteous and lawless conduct on the part of the president of the institution? Have you never read Ralph Waldo Emerson's profound declaration regarding attempted suppression? I quote from "Compensation" as follows:

"The martyr can not be dishonoured. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of fame; every prison a more illustrious abode; every burned book or house enlightens the world; every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side. The minds of men are at last aroused; reason looks out and justifies her own, and malice finds all her work vain. It is the whipper who is whipped, and the tyrant who is undone."

In conclusion I can only say to you in the words of the one Prophet, perhaps, in the world's history greater than Emerson, "Go and learn what that meaneth," and you will never again make the blunder of setting yourself up as a petty tyrant.

Sincerely yours,

HORACE MANN.

BOOKS.

A VIEW OF WORLD-ECONOMICS.

I

Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie,

A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.

ONE is tempted to remind some of the authors who have lately surveyed the present economic field of these good old English lines, written about 1600. It is a singular fact that even writers of merit and courage such as Mr. Keynes and Mr. Vanderlip and others, either do not know, or do not seem to be able to brace themselves up to stating frankly, that the world is in its present sad plight because the peace of Versailles was a peace of violence, and that it was a peace of violence because it was reared on a foundation of cynical lies. It is regrettable that the authors of "The Revision of the Peace Treaty," "What Next in Europe?" and "America and the Balance Sheet of Europe" should have joined in the conspiracy of silence regarding this most important factor, which enters so largely into the consideration of the subject under discussion. It can only be surmised that these men, who in their respective books have certainly made valuable contributions to the understanding of the oppressive economic problems of the day, tacitly paid homage to the doctrine of the *chose jugée* and, from a mistaken sense of patriotism, acquiesced in the great untruth which a sinister propaganda has fostered. Or did they fear that by exposing the great hoax they would cause their books to be tabooed, and for that reason chose discretion as the better part of valour and regretfully let the great lie stand? Whatever may have been the reason, it is sad to observe what terrible inroads this stream of systematic falsehood has made on the inner consciousness of mankind. It was doubtless this fear of facing the facts, and the desire of letting sleeping lies lie, that lately prompted Mr. Hughes to give his public blessing to the fable of Germany's exclusive war-guilt. The books referred to suffer from a similar blemish.

It is all the more refreshing, therefore, to come across a work which is not hampered by any tender regard for outworn fables, and whose author speaks his mind fearlessly and without hesitation. Dr. Schultze's "Die Zerrüttung der Weltwirtschaft" (The Shattering of World-Economy) is a book which all those interested in the grave economic illness from which the world is suffering should read and take to heart. Like Hamlet to the Queen, Dr. Schultze seems to say to a credulous and superficial public:

You go not till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Dr. Schultze's self-imposed task is to feel the pulse of the diseased economic world, diagnose the case and think out remedies. That he has admirably succeeded in getting at the root of the evil no attentive reader will question. Whether the remedies he proposes do not come too late and whether the patient can still be saved if no further time is wasted, the future alone can tell. Dr. Schultze uses as his motto the words which the wise Oxenstierna addressed to his son, ". . . *quam parva sapientia mundus regitur*." He could not have chosen a quotation more apt, for each page of this fascinating if depressing book confirms it. He demonstrates with unflinching and merciless logic that the deplorable condition of the economic world is not so much due to the war itself (although naturally the war's ravages fatally weakened the eco-

¹"Die Zerrüttung der Weltwirtschaft." Ernst Schultze. Berlin: Verlag W. Kohlhammer.

conomic structure), as to the criminal stupidity, ignorance and cynicism of those gentlemen who strut across the world's stage under the euphemistic name of "statesmen," and who are sadly in need of a course in elementary political economy.

Dr. Schultze does not claim to advance any new or startling theories, although I think that the problem of exchanges in all its ramifications has never before been so exhaustively and originally stated. The chief merit of his book, however, seems to me to lie in the fact that he goes back to fundamentals, and that he emphasizes what, indeed, should be patent to anybody possessed of ordinary thinking powers: that the economic world to-day is a unit and that it is only through recognition of this truth that salvation can come.

II

There is an ever-widening circle in England which clearly perceives that the war was an exceedingly poor business for Great Britain and that the cry of their imperialists, "*Germania delenda est*," which long before the war could be heard with increasing insistence as Germany's prosperity increased, was based on a gross miscalculation. "Envy is the weak man's admiration." It was the weak man to whom it appeared that Great Britain could thrive only on the ruins of German trade and prosperity. What a fallacy, what misdirected egotism! It was of course quite true that within one generation Germany had become a land of vast wealth and a formidable competitor. But had she not by her very wealth become a most desirable customer? Did not the constantly increasing German exports constitute a very beneficent factor in the economic transactions of the world; and was not Germany a most welcome purchaser of the products of England, France, Italy and many other countries? Traders everywhere are now learning by bitter experience that the interdependence of the economic world is no idle dream but a solid fact. For the various Governments to allow fear, hate and envy to sweep away the elementary rules of political economy in framing the peace-terms to which Germany as the beaten foe must subscribe, was to commit hara-kiri.

This the author shows with convincing clarity. Space forbids a detailed review of the countless facts and figures which he adduces, and which are so pertinent to his subject. The reader must turn to the book itself. He will be amply repaid; it will give him a clear idea of world-economics, and teach him the truth of the words quoted by Anatole France in his appeal to his countrymen: "all war is civil war." He will appreciate the folly of the framers of the peace of Versailles who, instead of consolidating Europe into great units and encouraging the freest intercourse, tore it apart and added to the already crushing number of customs-barriers and officials; thereby immensely complicating European economic life and placing new burdens upon the peoples who are thus shut off one from another by hostile tariffs. He will see how the fictitious prosperity engendered by war-demands and inflation of currency melted away in 1920 under the operation of immutable economic laws like snow under the rays of a warm sun. He will learn how the war has destroyed the gold-standard in every Continental country, how Europe has been drained of its gold, and how this Midas, the United States, thanks to its enormous "favourable" balances during the war, now possesses the greater share of the world's gold.

Dr. Schultze, then, invites us to join him in a flight over the world in order that we may have a bird's-eye

view of its countries; and under the guidance of this skilful pilot we see at a glance how the war, and—what is infinitely worse—how a dishonest peace has everywhere afflicted the world's economic growth with a fatal blight, how production has been arrested in the furthest corners of the globe. He shows us an England dependent on a prosperous, but facing an economically impotent, Europe. He shows us English finances in a critical state, with taxes at the breaking-point, so high, indeed, that the poor taxpayer has to borrow in order to pay them; and with it all the landowner left undisturbed. He shows us France, staggering under about seventy billions of francs of short obligations, and an actual deficit of twenty billions which she can meet only by fresh borrowings. He shows us Italy in an almost equally difficult financial condition. He shows us how even the neutral countries are struggling hard to make both ends meet. He takes us to South America and shows us how Chile, the Argentine, Brazil, are all feeling the terrible effects of that creeping paralysis which the peace of Versailles has engendered. He shows us the sad predicament of coal, iron, copper, India rubber, oil, etc., and he points an accusing finger at those whose policies have brought about conditions so abnormal that while the inhabitants of one of the most fertile regions in Europe were starving, in Russia, want of coal forced the people in the Argentine to use corn and bran for fuel, in generating electricity. Simultaneously, in the United States, unsalable bacon was burned as heating-material; at a time when millions of children in Europe were ailing or dying from undernourishment, unsalable Australian wheat was being eaten away by mice! Here abundance; there, unemployment, want, misery, death. There are probably as many unemployed to-day as there were men under arms during the war. This economic degeneration, this "transvaluation of values," is the work of selfish, blundering, cowardly politicians. It is they who have pauperized the many and enriched the few.

III

The dynamiting of exchanges has put a premium on robbery and dishonesty, for the wild fluctuations of the mark, the crown, the lire, the franc and all the other minor currencies have undermined morals, thrift and industry and constitute a chapter of social injustice and financial atrocity such as the world has never before seen. These fluctuations are due to inflation, and inflation means confiscation. The printing-press, as Mr. Vanderlip has pointed out, is an instrument of taxation which robs Peter to pay Paul. Low exchanges despoil the defeated countries of whatever wealth they possess. While it is true that they encourage exports to a certain extent, from the point of view of national economy they are a fatal disease. Economic imperialism and protection are synonymous. The co-operation of the war-period is no more; every nation large and small is playing its own hand, and they are all artificially stimulating exports and discouraging imports. Before the war, normal imports were encouraged as a sign of prosperity. But to-day the world is so poor and the exchanges are so depreciated that imports must of necessity be curtailed. Before the war, there was an international trade-solidarity which the stability of exchanges helped to maintain. To-day everything has become a wild gamble, and the hope of a change for the better is slight indeed as long as the facts are not faced. Like John in the wilderness, Dr. Schultze cries out for experts, that is, for men versed in "fundamentals," to come to the rescue of this poor, battered world. Economists to the fore, politicians and diplo-

mats to the rear! The world has tried the latter and found them wanting.

Now for the remedies: Germany, the heart of Europe, is near death, and Europe can not be well when its heart is beating feebly. It is above all necessary that the so-called "reparations," which are both unpayable and dishonest, should be scrapped. Under present conditions Germany can not possibly balance her budget. The payments she makes to-day under the treaty are made out of capital and borrowings and by the creation of fresh paper, and not by exports, as is sometimes asserted. But revision of the peace-treaty alone will not be sufficient. There must be a pooling of European resources, perhaps a *Zollverein*, and better communications, unhampered by endless customs-barriers. The United States should be an example, for here free trade reigns from ocean to ocean, a distance of three thousand miles, whilst in Europe every few hundred miles import-duties now bar the way of commerce. No amount of loans from the United States can relieve this situation. In fact the loans granted so far have actually made it worse. Exchanges must be stabilized; and in order to do that budgets must be balanced. This means reduction of expenditure, especially naval and military. (But however thoroughgoing may be the measures taken, the social scale in the world is bound to be lowered.) The printing-press will have to be brought to a standstill and a great deal of the paper currency issued in the various countries during the last five years will have to be relegated to the waste-paper basket. Germany will have to be allowed to pay in goods, not in money, for it should be remembered that the real standard of value is not a gold coin or any form of silver or paper token. Whether France and her former allies will have learned a lesson and will at last appreciate what is so urgently needed remains to be seen. Their past record is not encouraging; but they would do well to heed Dr. Schultze's eloquent warning:

To live in a country whose currency has become the play-ball of foreign despotism, to see one's fate daily menaced, must act as a revolutionary incentive even on the most peaceable minds. If every pound of bread, every ounce of sugar, every spindle of thread, every necessity of life is made dearer by the relentless fall of exchange, if human industry and effort and rigid economy can not check the process of pauperization, then one day the millions who find themselves mercilessly delivered to such a fate will be seized by blind despair. The fever burns under the surface; national economy and culture will then both be menaced by utter collapse. Help would come too late once the blows of revolution's ax resound across the world.

These are impressive words. May they not fall on deaf ears! A great deal has to be done and undone—

Such is the curse of every evil deed

That breeding, it must bear still further evil.

Unless the "evil deed" of the peace of violence is wiped out, and wiped out without further delay, the outlook is dark indeed.

S. E.

MR. BEERBOHM'S CARTOONS.

APPLIED to work so maturely Georgian as the "Oberonics" of Mr. Max Beerbohm, the word "survival" may seem at first sight a misnomer. Nevertheless it is impossible to peruse "A Survey" without instantly recognizing its spiritual descent from Gilray, Rowlandson and the savage cartoonists of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and without feeling that a certain temper in British thought which the smugness of the Victorian era had overlaid is once more loose and a force to be reckoned with.

It was by no accident that the period of what, prior to August, 1914, was still called the "great war," was also

¹ "A Survey." Max Beerbohm. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.00.

the heroic period of British pictorial satire. When party-passion is strong, disillusionment rife, and economic pressure keenly felt, Puck is sure to be at large to tweak the cocksure nose, pull out the protuberant lip, inflate still further the inordinate belly that is the age-long symbol of unjust opulence—to tell the social order, in a word, that he doesn't like its face. Mr. Beerbohm's "Survey" is essentially a series of faces that Max "doesn't like."

To identify the exact moment at which caricature passes the confines of mere grotesqueness and enters upon those of savagery would almost require an analysis of the art itself. Daumier reduced the countenance of Louis-Philippe, one of the handsomest men of his day, to a formula that an urchin could draw with chalk upon a wall, and the benign king of the French bestowed a franc upon one whom he found at work. The late Harry Furniss devoted long years to the exposition of the Gladstonian collar and the Harcourtian chin. The points of the one rose ever higher and higher until little was left above it save a few bristling hairs featuring a chronic moral indignation. The folds of the other tripled, quadrupled and quintupled till bluff Sir William was left with a gaze fixed permanently on the illuminated roof of the Lower House. The two great commoners used to laugh heartily, political tradition tells us, at the weekly presentment of their oddities. It is difficult to imagine more than two or three of the political personages whom Mr. Beerbohm has pilloried, laughing in anything but a sub-wry manner over the "Survey." It is hard to imagine Alfonso of Spain giving anything but an order of arrest to a gamin caught outlining the Habsburg jaw, "*maxilla polænsis*," as seen by Mr. Beerbohm. The shaft here is tipped with a distaste as complete as its knowledge.

It is significant that Mr. Beerbohm discovers a special venom and testiness where corpulence is the target. A full third of his cartoons are of very, very fat men. These are not the symbols Mr. Oppen gave us in Uncle Trusty and his progeny, mere balloons festooned with watch-chains and surmounted with a cynical brownie grin. Unlimited, one had almost said loving, pains have been lavished here on every detail of corded neck, shallow and ignoble cranium, domed amplitude of metabolic organs covered in sober and conservative stripings, fringe of sleek hair sucking up the juices of the over-nourished body. In many and many a delightful séance, spent in the rich twilight of Pall Mall and St. James's at the hour of Muria and Benedictine, Mr. Beerbohm, we feel sure, must have pondered the problem of national impoverishment and the decay of national physique in the light of certain members of the Constitutional clubs. No civilization, he must have concluded, could long endure the drain of such prosperity.

It is true that, in his onslaught on all that is or seems to him to be unjustly entrenched, Mr. Beerbohm this time has not spared Labour. In a foreword from a pen that is as corrosive as his brush, he even explains his motive to a hypothetical Britannia. But the old prepossession has been too strong, the old formula too fixed. Wishing to make a certain aspect of official labour distasteful, he has known no surer, no absurder way, than to make British Labour, generically, fat.

HENRY L. STUART.

A STUDY IN PENOLOGY.

HENRI FABRE, in one of his charming little essays on insect-life, disposes of the legend that has always pursued the cicada. The cicada, according to this legend, is a careless spirit, who sings her way through the summer months, taking no thought and making no provision for the winter ahead. Yet with the first application of scientific facts, the myth explodes, says Fabre. Thus do the observations of science dispose of many a popular notion.

The criminal has undergone a similar treatment: he has been the victim of much "arm-chair" generalization. We have made theories and spun guesses about him until he has been wellnigh buried under an avalanche of untruths. Not until recent years, when we began to "go to the criminal for the facts," did we even begin to under-

stand who or what it was that we were cramming into our high-walled prison-fortresses in such ridiculously huge numbers. Thus, the notion was generally accepted that female offenders were not reformable. It was believed that criminals were lacking in family affection: that causes of crime were climatological and geographical. Crime committed upon the mountains, it was held, differed from crime committed on the plains, both in form and prevalence; crime along the seacoast differed from that in the interior; upon a river from that along a railway-line. Again, summer was more prone to stir the gusts of passion than winter. Such are some of the notions that have been seriously presented as an explanation of crime and criminals. We have, moreover, regarded all criminals as alike and have prescribed treatment for them *en masse*, failing to realize either that they were human beings or that one differed from another.

To-day we are beginning to see that criminals have baffling bundles of wills, emotions, thwarted impulses, acquired likes and dislikes, inherited tendencies, and a variety of other characteristics much as other people have, and that one criminal differs from the next as much as one college professor from another. We know that some of them have the minds of children, that others are psychopathic, that some suffer from distinct mental diseases: we know that evil home-conditions tend to make criminals of some people, and that mere physical abnormalities or defects contribute to the making of others. We know that the causes of crime are numerous and complex: that treatment should be based upon a diagnosis of the individual offender, and that its aim should be to remove the particular cause or causes of criminality in each individual. It is as ridiculous to send all those who break the law to the same place where they are subjected to the same rigid treatment, as it would be to compel all persons who are ill to undergo precisely the same regimen, without regard to the nature of their maladies.

These are some of the things that must be taken into account in any examination of the penal institutions in this country. Our system of penology is, in general, a gigantic farce, based upon the notion that men can be reformed by being made miserable, and that they do not need to be understood in order to be improved. Our houses of correction, reformatories and prisons are, for the most part, normal schools of crime, which boys and girls enter as novitiates and from which they graduate as finished criminals.

In "Penology in the United States,"¹ Mr. Robinson describes this system with an adequate comprehension of its futility. He is the chief probation-officer in the Municipal Court in Philadelphia and has an extensive knowledge of prisons. His book deals with conditions in jails, where the faculties of men rot in idleness, and in reformatories, houses of correction and State prisons, where human beings are often hopelessly debauched instead of turned to any good account. He traces the origin of many features of our prison-system and discusses in a judicial manner the theory of punishment, compensation for prisoners, probation, etc. He makes the suggestion that prisons should be administered under the supervision of the State Department of Education. Mr. Robinson's book has passed through the somewhat chilling medium of a mind evidently disposed to be scholastic, and therefore it does not present quite as grisly a picture of our penal system as a more realistic treatment would have revealed; but it is rich in facts—facts that should be dynamite to an idiotic and outworn mode of caring for human beings.

WINTHROP D. LANE

SHORTER NOTICES.

HALF-WAY between the epigram which scratches the surface of some stupidity without doing much damage and the prolonged vehemence which levels it like a steam-roller, lies the domain of the satirical essay, which accomplishes the results of the latter without sacrificing the grace and lightness of the former. In this twilight zone of irony Mr. Colby has demon-

strated his right to move freely. Nothing that this master in the gentle art of puncturing poses creates has the so-called "punch" in it, but in a deft and graceful manner it accomplishes its purpose. Mr. Colby, in a series of delightful essays entitled "The Margin of Hesitation,"² sharpens his implement for genuine destruction; with an ironic and well-aimed skull-tap he fractures many an imposing but hollow pate. Democracy, for one thing, has had entirely too much lip-worship, and this essayist puts an unerring finger on its fundamental weaknesses, and the weaknesses of its high priests. Some of the myths which have been flourishing under the guise of culture will never have quite the same authority since their pedigree has been examined in "The Margin of Hesitation." It is satirical devastation, and therein lies the secret of its charm and effectiveness.

L. B.

DR. ERNST BUSCHOR sees the history of Greek vase-painting³ as "a constant struggle to represent mankind and animal creation." In his opening chapter on the stone and bronze ages, however, he shows that the naturalistic and the highly stylized tendencies have existed side by side; then "life disappears, but fixed decorative formulæ remain, and to them the future belongs." Perhaps at this point the swing of the Greek genius could be said truly to begin. The painter treats man as no different from a design, fills in his space indiscriminately with human or geometric figures, actually painting "birds or fishes between the legs of horses or between the chariot and the bier which rests upon it." Following upon this comes a period of fantasy, evidently of Oriental influence, in which monsters and fabulous creatures are portrayed with rich, carpet-like ornamentation. The borrowing, however, is a fusion rather than an imitation, and it is out of this fusion, which occupies, roughly, the seventh century, that the black-figured style arises. This is the period of legend and narration, with scenes from hunting, fighting, wrestling, dancing, carousing and the like. Names frequently appear; the painter is evidently coming to look upon himself as a conscious, individualized artist. At the peak of the black-figured style comes a reversal of the process, so that instead of the figures being painted, they now are drawn and the background is painted in afterwards, the figures being left in the colour of the clay. This permitted a greater accuracy of drawing; and one by one such refinements follow as the portrayal of joints and muscles, of folds in garments, of eyes which see rather than stare. The schematization of the human figure, in short, gradually drops away, although the vases still retain marked decorative features. In this period "the artistic craft had its greatest triumphs and created the most perfect synthesis between ornamental types and delightful naturalism." In his chapter on "The Style of Polygnotos and Pheidias" the author traces a further development of the red-figured style, in which a pronounced element of psychology enters. We have, instead of narrative and action, the warrior being carried off by Sleep and Death, a woman in a softened posture listening to music, or the indecision of Eriphyle, as a necklace is held out to her which will send her husband to death. One further stage is dealt with: the re-conventionalization of forms, a playful and ingenious distortion; at this point the author closes, since the centre of production changes from Greece to Italy. The author continually stresses the fact that the purpose of vase-painting remained essentially decorative; but in this portrayal of indecision, the anguish of Eriphyle is transmitted in a remarkably "ultra-modern" fashion by the hesitant and unpleasantly conflicting lines of her garments. Here certainly the tendency is to place expression beyond beauty.

K. B.

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

It is one of our just grievances against the historians of this country—a proof, rather, of what they still have to accomplish—that they have thrown so little light on the sources of our national habits, our characteristic modes of thinking, feeling and acting. They often write intelligently, they never write intuitively; they have been lawyers and statisticians rather than artists and poets; but to say this is to say that our history has not been written at all. The historians have ignored the people and the true secrets of their life, largely because they have so inadequately understood their own contemporaries, because the panorama of the American present is so vast and so chaotic that they have not been able to single out

¹ "The Margin of Hesitation." Frank Moore Colby. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.00.

² "Greek Vase-Painting." Ernst Buschor. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$10.00.

³ "Penology in the United States." Louis N. Robinson. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Company. \$3.00.

the essential traits that require an explanation. The result is that we are, on the whole, singularly unconscious of ourselves and our motives. Why does the American mind so naturally take to business and mechanics? Why do our infant prodigies, when we have them, produce radio-machines instead of sonnets and sonatas? Why are so few Americans disinterested? Why are so many of them susceptible to faith-cures, mind-cures and other strange religions? These are surely important questions, and we might well, at least partially, understand them; for all sorts of circumstances and conditions lie behind them, as behind every racial disposition—one does not have to go back to Taine for that. It is not the business of history to explain the present, but an adequate history *does* explain the present. In it one should see, in all the complexity of cause and effect, the very nature of the hidden impulses that determine a people's life.

AMERICA, in short, from this point of view, is still a dark continent; it is destined to remain so indeed until it has produced historians who, like Michelet and Carlyle, are also diviners and poets. To perceive this, however, is to perceive at the same time how exceptional is the opportunity of the most casual explorer in this field: for as all the great books about America are yet to be written, and all the great discoveries and generalizations are yet to be made, a little intuition goes a long way, and one can happen almost by chance upon ideas that would make the fortune of a Gibbon. In this sense, America is still an El Dorado: for the student of human destiny its streets are strewn with precious stones.

GLANCE, for example, at Miss Mary Alden Hopkins's article, "Whom the Land Loves," in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May. In this article Miss Hopkins describes the rejuvenation of a Connecticut country-side: a colony of Slavs has settled there, and under their hands, as she puts it, the tired, disconsolate soil is gradually recovering its health. These new colonists do not fight the land—that is her theory—they love it; whereas, with the old New Englanders, it was just the other way. "The Puritan forefarmers," says Miss Hopkins, "lived in perpetual conflict with nature. They 'wrested a living from the soil.' They were never reconciled to being farmers. Each farmhouse had its shelf of books—and they were not about agriculture. Every family tried to put one son into the ministry. The daughters had a term at the nearest female seminary. . . . The New England farmers took and took and took from the land, and they hated the land they looted. The land held back more each year. The struggle grew fierce. Abandoned farms all over the country are the result. The humans fled from the conflict. The soil had—nervous prostration!" At last, under the new peasant ownership, and although, as Miss Hopkins says, the newcomers know nothing of scientific, intensive farming, and use no costly fertilizer, the land has gradually come back into bearing, for "the land likes the change"; and all this region of the Housatonic has once more a future.

To our American historians in their present mood, all this, if their eyes happen to light upon it, must inevitably seem a kind of moonshine. In their lexicon there are no such words as love and hatred, and they are not open to the idea that there is any emotional relationship between man and the soil, or rather that it makes any difference what the character of that relationship happens to be. But how Michelet would have welcomed such an observation, such an intuition, as this: it would almost certainly have struck him as a historical fact of the first order. The article in question is very slight and unpretentious and is written in such a tone that it almost invites the reader not to take it seriously; the author seems to be unaware that she has happened upon anything of particular moment. Nevertheless, a ten-volume history of the United States might be written on this thesis and its implications, a history which, if it were tactfully and skil-

fully done, might throw more light upon our actual life than all the existing constitutional, political, economic and social histories put together. Ideas of this sort appeal with equal force to poets and monomaniacs; but while the monomaniacs drive them into the ground, in the hands of poets they are the very stuff of history. One can imagine a sombre epic rising out of this "germ," this intuition of a casual essayist, as the genie rose out of the lamp, an epic that would restore to American history the creative rôle it possessed in former times.

It is certainly conceivable, and more than conceivable—so the argument might run—that most of the evil features of our civilization are due to a false relationship in this country between man and the soil. Some original misunderstanding, as it were, between the human organism and the source of its vitality—to what else do they point, those sinister phenomena with which we are so familiar, our habit, for example, of incessant motion, the externalization of our life, its want of depth and tranquillity, the superficiality of our literature, our idealization of business? What is the "missing link" between our own life and the traditional life of humanity? All wisdom, all religion, all art, all values, in fact, have, in the general experience of the race, sprung out of the soil, or rather from man rooted in the soil. Only America has gone off at a sort of tangent, inventing such words as "rube" and "hayseed" in order to signalize its divorce from what is actually the fount of all spiritual energy; and America has paid for this in the drying-up of its own "collective unconscious," in the mediocrity of its creative life. As for the "missing link," do we not find it in the character of the original settlers and the tradition they established for their descendants, in the fact that they were not indeed peasants but middle-class folk, townspeople and artisans, in large measure, of a bookish, genteel tendency, and ill-adapted to the elemental life of the wilderness? Merely to establish that point would be to reset the whole of American history in the tragic key.

In such a narrative, for example, as Mr. Garland's "Son of the Middle Border" we can see the causes of many of the phenomena of our own generation. It was not only because of the obstacles they encountered that the pioneers, who have given our life its present character, were incessantly moving on. They left Wisconsin for Iowa and Iowa for Dakota for the same reason that they had left Vermont for New York and New York for Ohio. They had come too late, they were born too old to root themselves permanently in their first clearings, and they established a tradition of rootlessness. Thus we have a country that has never been truly cared for, and thus we have the Main Streets and all their resentful brood; for it is not newness and the absence of education that have made them ugly, but distorted instincts. Some day, in the far future, it may be, we can hardly doubt that it will be, the descendants of the peasant colonists of our own time to whom America will owe its true culture; for in them humanity and the soil have successfully met one another. Meanwhile, to rewrite our history in terms of the soil would be not merely to establish true values, but to explain with tragic emphasis the psychological "fault" that appears to underlie our existing civilization. A rootless people can not endure for ever, and we shall pay in the end for our superficiality in ways more terrible than we can yet conceive. But that is all part of the story: it remains for the poet who can rise to the height of such an argument.

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"Aspects and Impressions," by Edmund Gosse. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00.

"The Enormous Room," by E. E. Cummings. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$2.00.

"The Haunts of Life," by J. Arthur Thomson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$2.00.

Salut au monde!

You whoever you are!
 You daughter or son of England!
 You of the mighty Slavic tribes and empires! you Russ in Russia!
 You dim-descended, black, divine-soul'd African, large, fine-headed,
 nobly-form'd, superbly destin'd, on equal terms with me!
 You Norwegian! Swede! Dane! Icclander! you Prussian!
 You Spaniard of Spain! you Portuguese!
 You Frenchwoman and Frenchman of France!
 You Belge! you liberty-lover of the Netherlands! (you stock whence I
 myself have descended;)
 You sturdy Austrian! you Lombard! Hun! Bohemian! farmer of Styria!
 You neighbour of the Danube!
 You workingman of the Rhine, the Elbe, or the Weser, you workingwoman too!
 You Sardinian! you Bavarian! Swabian! Saxon! Wallachian! Bulgarian!
 You Roman! Neapolitan! you Greek!
 You lithe matador in the arena at Seville!
 You mountaineer living lawlessly on the Taurus or Caucasus!
 You Bokh horse-herd watching your mares and stallions feeding!
 You beautiful-bodied Persian at full speed in the saddle shooting arrows to
 the mark!
 You Chinaman and Chinawoman of China! you Tartar of Tartary!
 You women of the earth subordinated at your tasks!
 You Jew journeying in your old age through every risk to stand once on
 Syrian ground!
 You other Jews waiting in all lands for your Messiah!
 You thoughtful Armenian pondering by some stream of the Euphrates! you
 peering amid the ruins of Nineveh! you ascending Mount Ararat!
 You foot-worn pilgrim welcoming the far-away sparkle of the minarets of
 Mecca!
 You sheiks along the stretch from Suez to Bab-el-Mandeb ruling your fam-
 ilies and tribes!
 You olive-grower tending your fruit on fields of Nazareth, Damascus, or
 Lake Tiberias!
 You Tibet trader on the wide inland or bargaining in the shops of Lhasa!
 You Japanese man or woman! you liver in Madagascar, Ceylon, Sumatra, Borneo!
 All you continentals of Asia, Africa, Europe, Australia, indifferent of place!
 All you on the numberless islands of the archipelagos of the sea!
 And you of the centuries hence when you listen to me!
 And you each and everywhere whom I specify not, but include just the same!
 Health to you! good will to you all, from me and America sent!

IN this Whitman birthday month it is not inappropriate to offer the poet's
 greeting to FREEMAN readers, habitual or casual. The *British American*
 (Chicago) may declare that this paper is "a relentless back-biter of Britain"
 and that it "ridicules Britannia in every issue," but those who interpret the
 FREEMAN aright as it moves in its pendulum-like inevitability will recall
 Whitman's words:

I see ranks, colours, barbarisms, civilizations, I go among them, I mix indiscriminately,
 And I salute all the inhabitants of the earth.

This issue of the FREEMAN is a good one to send to some friend steeped in the
 habit of conventional magazine-reading; the paper may produce upon him the
 sense of exhilaration and liberation that one gets from a Whitman poem. The
 essay on æsthetics by an Englishman, the one on love by a Scotsman, the self-
 revelation of the great Russian's life-partner and the critique of the German eco-
 nomic study which lights the path to the demnition bowwows, contribute to the
 making of a characteristic issue.

Send this paper to the friend and we will send another in its place, or send us the
 friend's name and we will send her or him the paper. Good things are made to
 be shared: share the paper with your friend and share the friend with us.

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